Charles A Saunders

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NICK CARTER STORIES

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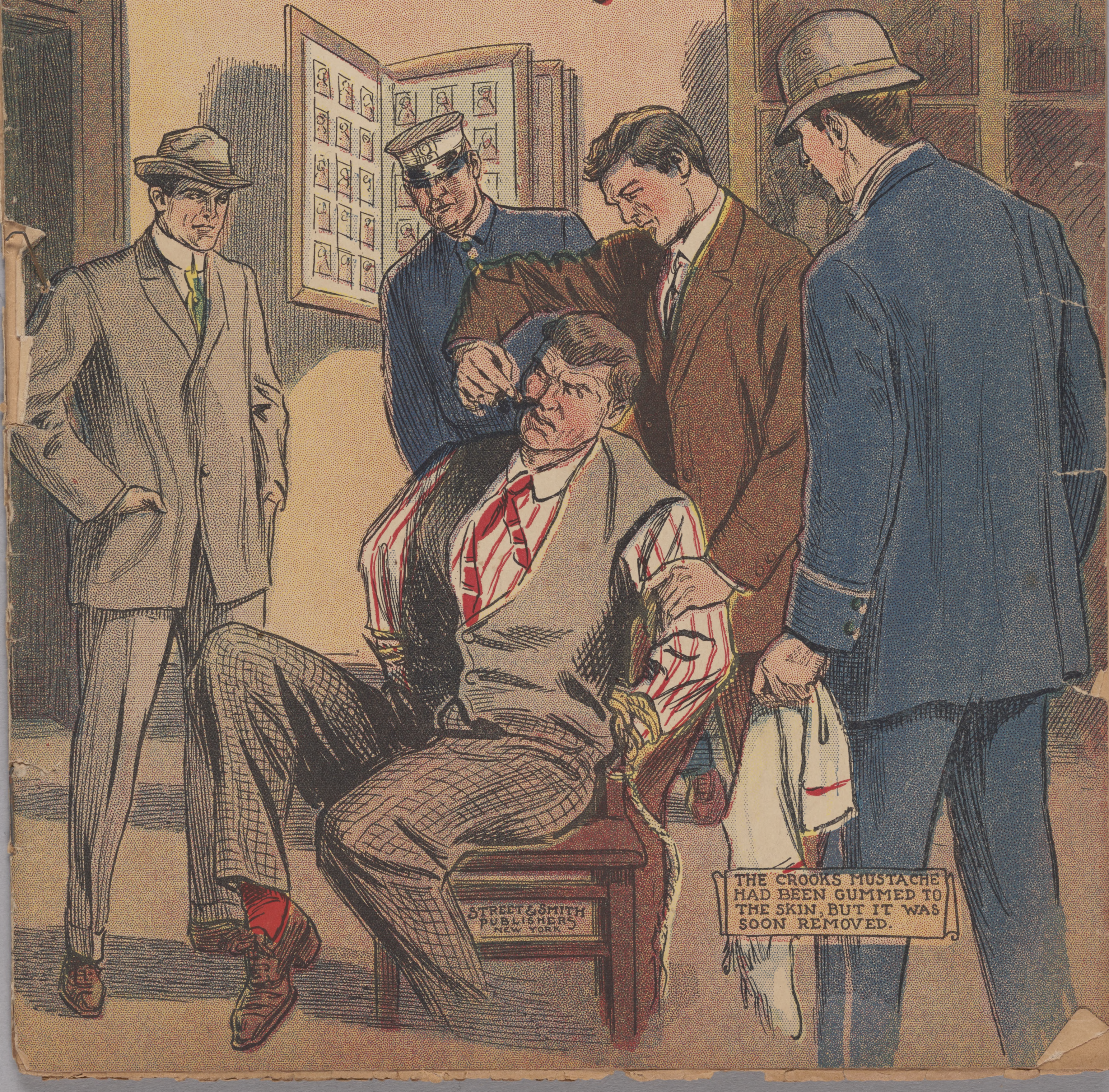
NICK CARTER'S QUICK GUESS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THE CROOKS MUSTACHE HAD BEEN GUMMED TO THE SKIN, BUT IT WAS SOON REMOVED.

Charles A. Saunders

NICK CARTER STORIES

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NICK CARTER'S QUICK GUESS;

Or, IDA JONES AND THE JEWEL THIEVES.

Edited by CHICKERING CARTER.

CHAPTER I.

A SHOT IN THE DARK.

Mr. Gordon found himself suddenly awake and wondering what had aroused him. He saw a faint glow of light at the window made by a distant street lamp. Except for this the room was totally dark.

His heart was beating fast, and he felt as if he had been frightened at something.

What could it have been? He recalled no dream—— Wait!

A short buzzing sound, and then a single stroke of a bell in the next room.

The old clock that stood there always wheezed for a second or two before it struck the hour.

The buzzing had set Mr. Gordon's heart to thumping more wildly, for he did not recognize what it was until the clock struck. Then he felt ashamed of himself.

"It must have been a dream," he thought, "which I have forgotten instantly. I wonder what time it is? Half past something, I suppose, or one o'clock."

He reached his hand above his head to get his repeater. The watch usually hung from his bedpost.

His hand touched nothing but the headboard of the bed, and then he realized for the first time that he could not hear the ticking of the watch.

With a new start of anxiety he sat up and felt all over the head of the bed.

The watch was not there, and yet he remembered distinctly that he had hung it up when he went to bed shortly before midnight.

When Mr. Gordon had made this discovery he remained motionless for a moment, wondering what he had better do.

Now that he was sure something wrong had happened, he felt no fear, but if robbers had been in the house, if they were there still, he wanted to act coolly and do nothing rash.

Before he had made up his mind he heard a soft movement, which was not in his room, that was certain.

Where, then?

Downstairs, it seemed—as if somebody was stepping lightly across the floor.

He could see no more now than at first, but that didn't matter, for he knew his room, and, in fact, the whole house, so well that he could go anywhere in the dark.

Softly he got up and stepped toward his bureau, intending to get a revolver that he kept in the top drawer.

At the second step he stumbled against a chair. It made little noise, for the floor was thickly carpeted, but Mr. Gordon was so surprised that his feet came down with a thump that could have been heard easily in the next room and probably downstairs.

The chair had not been there when he went to bed, of this he was sure, for he knew just how the furniture had been placed, and if nothing had been moved he could have crossed the room in any direction with his eyes shut and not hit a thing.

But there was no time to wonder about that now. Thieves were probably in the house, and if they had heard his heavy step they would hurry out.

Quickly, therefore, he strode to the bureau and reached to the top drawer.

It was open—he had left it closed!

Hurriedly he put his hand where the revolver ought to be, and where he now expected it he did not find it.

From end to end of the bureau drawer he scraped his hand, and felt nothing but clothing.

There was another noise of some kind from below—what it was he could not tell, but it was certain that somebody was moving about.

He felt on the top of the bureau, and caught up a hand mirror framed in solid silver.

It weighed not less than three pounds, and would do for a weapon.

With this firmly clutched he started toward the door.

Again he stumbled against a chair, and this time he knocked it over.

It fell with a strange, loud crash.

Wondering how the chair came to be there, and wondering still more at the strange noise it made in falling, but not stopping to investigate, Mr. Gordon hurried out.

Only a few seconds had passed since he felt for his repeater, but apparently a good deal had happened in that short time.

There was the sound of hurrying feet, not only on the floor below, but in the upper hall where he was.

He believed that his son, William, had been aroused, also.

"Is that you, Will?" he called, in a low voice.

"Yes," came the reply from behind him.

He knew his son's voice, and next instant they were close together in the darkness.

"There are thieves in the house," said Mr. Gordon.

He was going toward the head of the stairs.

"Yes," answered his son; "I was awakened by a crash—they must have dropped something—don't go down, father!"

The young man caught his father by the shoulder to hold him back just as they came to the head of the stairs.

"Nonsense!" responded Mr. Gordon, "we may be in time to catch them or scare them into clearing out and leaving their booty behind."

"Let me go first, then," cried William, who was trying to push past his father.

Mr. Gordon did not try to keep him back, and, as he did not pause himself, they went down together.

Meantime the noise of hurrying feet below continued, for the conversation had taken but a second or two.

Somebody now was evidently rushing from the dining room through the hall toward the front door.

"Halt, there!" cried Mr. Gordon.

Not a thing could be seen, but he and his son were so close to the person that they could hear his gasp for breath.

Mr. Gordon raised his mirror above his head.

"Shoot, Will!" he exclaimed, "if you've got your gun with you."

"I haven't—it was gone," Will answered.

The elder man was about to bring the mirror down with all his might, hoping to hit the fellow near them, when there was a flash in front of him.

A loud report followed, and the air was thick with powder smoke.

Will groaned, and dropped in a heap at the bottom of the stairway.

At the same instant a remarkable thing happened.

Mr. Gordon saw the face of the man who shot with perfect clearness.

Not fully realizing that his son had been hit, he was still in the act of bringing his mirror down on the head of the thief, when there was a second flash and report.

Again he had a swift glance of the thief's face, but it was gone more quickly than the flash came.

Mr. Gordon's right hand tingled, and the mirror dropped from it to the floor.

Sharp pains shot from his finger tips to his elbow, and there were hot, stinging pains upon his face, and he choked with the smoke.

Nevertheless he pressed on, but tripped over his son's body and fell full length.

From the time of the first shot to the moment when Mr. Gordon fell not more than two seconds had passed.

The thief, believing, perhaps, that both his foes had been shot and killed, did not shoot again, but rushed to the door, opened it, and was gone.

Mr. Gordon, feeling terribly alarmed for his son, and confused, too, got up quickly and started also to the door.

He ran against somebody in the dark.

"You scoundrel!" began Mr. Gordon, and stopped abruptly, for he felt a woman's dress.

"Is it Mrs. Kramer?" he asked.

"Yes," gasped a woman. "My! how you scared me! I thought you would kill me before you found out who I was."

He paid no attention to her for a moment, but went on to the door, which he opened.

As he did so he felt of the catch by which the spring lock worked.

When this catch was pushed in one direction the door could not be opened from outside without a key.

Pushed in another direction, the catch prevented the door from being unlocked at all from outside.

Why Mr. Gordon felt of the catch at this moment he could not have told. Probably it was force of habit, for he was a careful man and always saw to it when he went out of the house that the door was left locked.

At this time he saw that the catch was placed so that the door could not be unlocked from without, but he thought no more about it till a later time.

Looking up and down the street, he saw nobody and heard no sound.

"I was so afraid you were killed!"

It was Mrs. Kramer, the housekeeper, speaking just behind him.

Mr. Gordon turned back and closed the door.

"I am not seriously hurt," he said, "but I fear Will is."

It was only then that he remembered how his son had fallen in front of him.

He pressed a button on the wall, and immediately the hall was lighted.

"You might have turned on the lights," he said.

"I was too frightened to know what to do," responded Mrs. Kramer, who had on a loose wrapper over her night dress.

By this time other servants, half dressed, were coming down the stairs and along the hall.

Mr. Gordon hardly glanced at them, as he knelt down beside his son.

The young man lay face down, his arms outstretched.

Mr. Gordon half lifted him and turned him over.

"Ah!" he groaned, "it looks as if he had been shot through the heart!"

CHAPTER II.

DOCTOR AND POLICE AT WORK.

For a moment Mr. Gordon seemed stunned. Then he roused himself and spoke rapidly.

"Bring wine," he said to Mrs. Kramer. To others: "Johnson, don't stop to put on any more clothes, but run to Doctor Mason's and have him here instantly. Parker, go out and call the police. If you don't find a patrolman, go to the station."

He glanced at the women servants as if he had things for them to do, also, but the frightened looks on their faces seemed to make him change his mind.

"Go back and get your clothes on," he said sharply.

They hurried away, shuddering.

Mrs. Kramer came from the dining room with a glass of wine.

"The sideboard has been rummaged!" she gasped.

"Never mind that," returned her employer. "We must revive my son, if possible."

He tried to force a few drops of wine between the young man's lips, but could not succeed.

William's jaws were shut hard.

Mr. Gordon watched him intently.

"He is not dead," he whispered; "there is a faint sign of breathing and heart action. Will the doctor never come?"

It was less than a minute since the servant had rushed out to find Doctor Mason, who lived in the same block, and it was hardly possible that he would be able to awaken the doctor and bring him inside five minutes more, but there came a ring at the bell.

"Answer it!" exclaimed Mr. Gordon.

Mrs. Kramer ran to the door, opened it, and in strode Doctor Mason.

He had a medicine case in his hand.

"Your man found me," he said immediately, "just as I was getting home from a late case. What's the trouble?"

Mr. Gordon did not answer, for the doctor had knelt and was making an examination that told the story better than words could have done.

"Bad!" said he, after a moment, and very gravely.

"Is there no hope?" asked Mr. Gordon.

"There's always hope while life lasts," replied the doctor. "I can't say anything better until I've had a chance to examine more closely. We must take him to a bed."

"Both the men servants are out," said Mr. Gordon; "shall we carry him?"

"Yes."

Just then the doctor caught sight of Mr. Gordon's face in a clear light.

"Good Heaven!" he exclaimed, "are you wounded, too?"

"I think not——"

"Your face is blotched, and there are spots of blood on it."

"The revolver was fired so close that I was choked with the powder."

"Your skin has been pricked by the powder grains, then. I'll look you over later."

The doctor stooped to take William by the shoulders, and Mr. Gordon began to lift at the feet.

Suddenly he winced.

"Wait a second, doctor,'" he said. "My right arm hurts, and seems powerless."

"Got a bullet in it?"

"I think not——"

He was feeling along the arm when the bell rang.

Mrs. Kramer opened the door, and both servants came in, preceded by a policeman.

No time was lost in explanations.

As Mr. Gordon's arm made it dangerous for him to lift, his place was taken by the menservants and the policeman, who, with Doctor Mason, carried the unconscious William to his own room.

Doctor Mason and Mr. Gordon followed, and at the same time Mrs. Kramer came with bandages and hot water.

"I thought you might want these," she said hurriedly.

"Very thoughtful," said the doctor. "Gordon, you tell the officer what you want to, and I will look after your son with the help of the servants."

So Mr. Gordon and the policeman went downstairs, the latter beginning to ask about the robbery.

"What's this?" he asked, stopping at the bottom of the stairs to pick up something.

It was the hand mirror that Mr. Gordon had meant to use as a weapon.

Mr. Gordon explained.

"It dropped from my hand somehow," he was saying, when the officer interrupted:

"No wonder. A bullet struck it. See!"

He held up the article. The glass was smashed, and the solid silver back was deeply indented.

"That saved your life, I think," added the officer. "Were you holding it in front of your face?"

"No, I was striking with it."

"Well, it must have come down to the level of your face when the thief fired. That explains the pain in your arm."

"How?"

"Why! you had hold of it as hard as you could. The bullet tore it from your grasp, and the wrench it gave your muscles will make you feel sore for days."

The policeman laid the smashed mirror on a table, and they went into the dining room.

It was clear at a glance that the sideboard had been rifled and some of the articles taken.

"You'd better make a search of the house at once," said the officer, "and see what is missing."

This was done, and meantime the policeman got from Mr. Gordon, Mrs. Kramer, and the servants all they knew about the affair.

Mrs. Kramer said that she had been awakened by a noise that sounded as if something had been dropped, and that she had got up at once, put on a wrapper, and gone down the back stairs.

By the time she had reached the ground floor she heard the voices of father and son descending the front stairs. She also had heard steps going from the dining room.

She went in there and along through the parlor, hoping to head off the thief, but arrived at the front hall only in time to run into Mr. Gordon.

The servants said they had not been awakened until the shots were fired.

Mr. Gordon told about the affair as he understood it, and the policeman made an investigation to learn how the thieves had got into the house.

Before he had finished a police captain and two precinct detectives had arrived, for one of the servants had sensibly gone to the station house after finding the patrolman on the street.

It was three o'clock in the morning, and just half an hour after the time when Mr. Gordon awoke, that he sat in his library with the police captain and began to write a list of the articles that were missing.

Besides his repeater and some gold cups taken from the sideboard, the stolen articles were all jewels.

These had been the property of his wife, who had been dead for some years.

They had been kept in a strong box in the room next to that in which Mr. Gordon slept, and it was found that the box, which had no combination lock, had been opened by a key.

There was only one key to it, and that was in Mr. Gordon's pocket at that moment.

He had dressed soon after the arrival of the doctor, and had found that everything in his clothes was undisturbed.

A sum of money in a coat pocket had not been touched.

Yet the thieves had been in his room, for his revolver was missing.

"I shouldn't wonder," remarked the captain, "if it was your own revolver that the thief used."

"Maybe. Will said his was missing, too."

"Have you looked for it?"

"No. I didn't want to disturb the doctor, who is working over my son in his room."

"That can wait, then."

Mr. Gordon went on making his list, and the captain stepped out into the hall for a moment.

There he spoke to the policeman who had arrived first.

When he came back he said:

"My men find no evidence that a door or window had been forced open. Were your doors properly locked?"

"Certainly!" exclaimed Mr. Gordon, and he told how he had found the front-door catch fastened as it should be.

"But there are other doors?"

"One, in the basement."

"My man has found that locked and bolted on the inside. Of course, the thief may have got in by a second-story window."

The captain was silent a moment. Then he asked:

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Why!" replied Mr. Gordon, "what can I do? The police——"

"Of course," interrupted the captain, "the police will do all they can, but the case looks important and somewhat mysterious. Had you thought of doing anything but leave it to the police?"

"Yes, I had. The first thing I thought of was asking Nick Carter to take the case."

"You couldn't do better!" cried the captain warmly. "Carter and the police always get on well together, and if we can't trace the thieves, he can and will."

"I'll see him early in the morning."

"That's right. Make an exact list of those things and give it to Carter. Tell him everything——"

"Certainly. See here, captain!"

Mr. Gordon spoke excitedly.

"Well?"

"I saw the man who shot at us."

"In the dark?"

"Clearly."

"It doesn't seem possible. You must have imagined it. You were excited, you know——"

"Yes, and I am now, but I saw him."

"Well, what did he look like?"

Mr. Gordon thought a moment.

"I find it hard to describe the face," he said, "but I should know it again."

"Wasn't it masked?"

"No. And he had no beard. He had a heavy jaw, rather small nose, and straight eyebrows."

"Did you notice the color of his eyes?" questioned the captain.

"No, I didn't."

"Well, you tell that to Carter. I don't know what he will say to it. Ah! here's the doctor."

Doctor Mason came in, and in answer to a look from Mr. Gordon, he said:

"I can't tell you much. He still lives, but the wound is very dangerous."

"Is there hope, then?"

"A little."

"Has he been conscious?"

"Oh, no. If he recovers at all he won't be conscious for many hours yet. I can do no more now."

"But you will be in again——"

"Certainly. I am going to get three hours' sleep. Then I'll call again."

"What are we to do meantime?"

"Nothing. I have left him in charge of Mrs. Kramer. She will do what is necessary."

"I wonder," said Mr. Gordon thoughtfully, "if I ought not to send to a hospital for a nurse. Mrs. Kramer must be upset by what has happened."

"You don't need to," replied the doctor. "She has recovered her self-possession and I can see that she will do as well as any nurse you could get."

With this the doctor went away.

Mr. Gordon finished his list and gave it to the captain.

"I will write out another one from memory," he said, "and take it to Nick Carter as soon as he's up."

He did not go to sleep again that night, but as soon as he had made his extra list he went to Nick Carter's house and walked up and down in front of it till he saw signs that people were stirring within it.

CHAPTER III.

THE DIAMOND STAR.

The door opened as Mr. Gordon went up the steps.

A young man stood there—it was Patsy—who smiled and said:

"Come right in, sir. Mr. Carter is waiting for you."

Mr. Gordon halted in the greatest surprise.

"Waiting for me?" he stammered.

"That's what I said, and what he told me to say," returned Patsy. "You want to see him, don't you?"

"Yes, but——"

"Then come in."

Patsy held the door wide open, and Mr. Gordon entered, feeling very much as if he were in a dream.

"Have him come in here, Patsy," called Nick's voice from a room beyond.

Accordingly, Patsy led the visitor to the dining room, where the great detective and his assistants were just sitting down to breakfast.

"Glad to see you," said Nick cheerfully. "Had your breakfast? If not, please join us."

"Mr. Carter," gasped the visitor, "for I suppose you are Mr. Carter, you take my breath away. If you knew that I was coming to see you I certainly have reason to hope that you can help me in my trouble."

"That doesn't follow," Nick responded, "though I may try to do so; but it was an easy guess that the man who was walking up and down in front of my house while I was dressing wanted to see me. Wasn't it?"

"Then you saw me there?"

"Certainly, and I guessed further that it was a pretty serious matter that brought you out so early. So I didn't care to keep you waiting. You can tell your story while we're eating, can't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Carter."

"Sit down, then, and have a cup of coffee at least. You've lost sleep and you look tired out."

Nick's explanation of how he had known that the visitor wanted to see him cleared Mr. Gordon's mind of some confusion.

He sat down, and was a little startled when Nick went on:

"Did the bullet that missed you hit somebody else?"

"For Heaven's sake, how——" began Mr. Gordon, but Nick interrupted:

"That's another simple thing, sir. Your face is spotted with gunpowder. You must have narrowly escaped getting a bullet in your brain."

"I did," said Mr. Gordon, in a low voice. "You make me wonder how much I need to tell. Do you know my name?"

Nick and the others laughed a little, but sobered at once when they saw how serious the visitor was.

"No," said Nick, "I do not know who you are or where you live, or anything about the matter that brings you here."

"I began to think you a wizard. My name is Leslie Gordon, sir. I live on Madison Avenue. My house was entered by thieves at half past two this morning. They stole almost ten thousand dollars' worth of jewelry and shot my son. He is so seriously wounded I fear that he will die. I fear he is going to die."

The detectives exchanged glances of interest.

"That," said Nick, "is a good beginning. You have told the story in the fewest possible words. Now we must have the details. But first——"

Here Nick introduced his assistants, Ida Jones, Patsy Garvin and his wife, and Chick Carter. Mr. Gordon then told all that had happened, with one slight exception.

At the end Nick said:

"I guess that was Doorknob Joe."

He looked at Patsy, who left the room and returned a moment later with a book.

Meantime Mr. Gordon asked:

"Who is Doorknob Joe?"

"A noted criminal," replied Nick, "who is so named because his crimes have always been committed without forcing either a door or a window. He manages to unlock the door every time, or, at any rate, to get in without disturbing the lock. Other crooks have supposed that he had a secret knowledge of doorknobs, and so gave him that nickname."

"He certainly got into my house," said Mr. Gordon, "without breaking in. Perhaps," he hesitated, "I could help you to make sure whether your quick guess is a good one."

"It is possible that you might if you had seen the man."

"I did see him, Mr. Carter."

"You saw him! You haven't mentioned that before."

"True. I left that out purposely, but I saw him."

"In the dark?" put in Chick.

Mr. Gordon turned to him.

"That," said he, "is exactly the question the captain asked. He made fun of my statement and almost convinced me that I was mistaken. So I was ashamed to tell you that I saw this man's face, but I did, just the same. Saw it twice."

"Perhaps," suggested Nick, "the man accidentally turned on the electric lights."

"No, for if he had I would have seen more than his face. As it was I saw nothing else."

"Hum," murmured Nick thoughtfully. "I don't make fun of your statement at all. Describe the man."

Mr. Gordon repeated the description he had given the captain.

"Well," said Nick, "that fits Doorknob Joe as far as it goes, but it also fits some ten thousand other men in this town. I'm afraid it doesn't help us much."

"I should know him again if I saw him."

"That's good."

"But I suppose no judge or jury would believe that I saw him in the dark."

"I'm not so sure," responded Nick. "You say the bullet meant for you went into the back of the hand mirror?"

"Not exactly, Mr. Carter. It lodged in the back, denting it considerably, but it went through the glass first."

"Then it's clear enough."

"Eh?"

"You saw your man. The light made by a pistol flash wouldn't show the face of the man behind it, but you were trying to strike him with a mirror. The fact that the bullet went into the glass first shows that you happened to hold the glass side toward him, doesn't it?"

"Certainly."

"Then the flash was reflected from it straight back to the thief's face, and for an instant you couldn't help seeing it."

"Of course! I hadn't thought of that."

"Neither had the captain, it seems. The second glimpse you got of him was shorter than the first, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Because the second bullet smashed the glass and so spoiled the reflection."

"Then do you think the criminal was this fellow whom you call Doorknob Joe?"

"Not yet. My thought of him was merely a guess, as you called it. We'll see first whether Doorknob Joe can prove an alibi. If he's serving out a sentence in Sing Sing at this moment he couldn't have been at your house this morning."

As Nick spoke he turned to Patsy, who was entering with the book referred to.

Nick took it and turned the pages rapidly.

Presently he shut the book, and asked:

"Did you see more than one man's face?"

"I did not," Gordon replied.

"Or hear the movements of more than one man?"

"I couldn't say as to that. We were all awakened by a strange noise. Probably the thief had dropped some heavy article."

"Probably."

"But I couldn't tell whether more than one person was moving about on the lower floor."

"Did your housekeeper, Mrs. Kramer, say anything about that?"

"She did not."

"I'll ask her when I go up to the house, which will be as soon as we finish breakfast. Mrs. Kramer, I suppose, is an old family servant."

"No, sir. She's been with me only a few weeks."

"Ah! how did that happen?"

"My other housekeeper left me and I had to engage somebody else. That was all."

"Had you known Mrs. Kramer before?"

"No. She came to me through an agency. Her recommendations were good and she has filled her position well."

"Doubtless. How long did you say she has been with you?"

Mr. Gordon thought a moment, and answered, "She came to me six weeks ago yesterday."

"Very well; you say the furniture in your room had been disturbed."

"Decidedly. At least two chairs were out of place, to say nothing of the fact that my bureau drawer had been rummaged."

"Yes, and one chair fell over with a peculiar noise, you said. Have you found out since why that was?"

"I think so. When I went back to dress I found two electric light bulbs smashed on the floor. They had been unscrewed from a bracket in my room."

"I understand. They had been put on the chair and the chair had been placed where you couldn't help running into it if you should go out of the room in the dark. The bulbs broke when they struck the floor."

"That must have been it."

"An electric-light bulb makes a great noise when it breaks because there isn't any air inside it—but you understand all about that."

"Certainly."

"The point is that the noise warned the thief that you had woke up."

"I suppose so, but I should have thought he could get out of the house before I got downstairs. I wasn't long about it, but it took a few seconds."

"Probably he was determined to get away with all the booty and hadn't quite got it packed up. He took his chances of having to kill a man on the way out, and I suppose he thinks he killed two."

"Quite likely, for I fell over my son almost as soon as the second shot came."

"Well, Mr. Gordon, I'll go with you and look the house over. Let me lay out this day's work for my assistants, first."

With this Nick and his assistants went into the library, Nick taking the book with him.

Mr. Gordon remained at the breakfast table.

"Of course," said Nick, at once, when they were by themselves, "this job was planted."

The others nodded. They had seen as much as that while Mr. Gordon was telling his story.

"I guessed," Nick continued, "that Doorknob Joe did the trick, and that may have been a good guess."

"Could he do it?" Chick asked.

"Yes, for he got out of Sing Sing seven weeks ago."

Nick opened the book, which was a record he kept of all sorts of crooks, and read:

"'Doorknob Joe; right name, Joseph Gregg; thief; specialty, night robbery of houses which he enters without breaking; supposed to have an accomplice, but accomplice never caught or suspected. Never was in any case handled by us.'"

Nick looked up, and added:

"His sentence is stated here. He was in Sing Sing for three years, and his time would have been up this week, but he got out earlier for good behavior."

"Seven weeks ago?" asked Ida Jones.

"That's what it says in my book."

"And Mrs. Kramer went to work for Gordon six weeks ago," remarked Chick.

"Looks queer, doesn't it?" said Nick.

"Somebody must have let him in, or left the door unlocked," said Patsy, "and somebody who had the run of the house must have given him a key to the strong box, and swiped old Gordon's pistols and his son's——"

"We don't know," Nick interrupted, "that the son's pistol was swiped."

"But we can find out?"

"Oh, yes. That will be one of the points I shall look into. I should rather like to get this gang."

"You think there was more than one?"

"Patsy had reasoned that out."

"But," said Patsy suddenly, "both doors were properly fastened."

"Were they?"

"Cert! Didn't he tell us that the basement door was locked and bolted, and that the front door had the catch fixed so that it couldn't have been opened from outside even with a key?"

"Yes, he told us that."

"Well——"

Nick was smiling, and Patsy stopped.

"I'll tell you all about that front-door catch some time," said Nick, "unless I find that the thief got in through a window. We won't talk of it any longer, for there's one thing to do, and that should be easy. I'll make it your job, Patsy, to have Doorknob Joe in the cooler before dinner."

"Without any evidence?" asked the young assistant.

"Yes, on suspicion. You see, we can settle that guess very quickly. If Gordon recognizes him, he's the man.

If Gordon fails to, we shall have to let him go and try again."

"I see."

"It looks like one of Doorknob Joe's tricks, for, though we were never engaged to do anything for him, I've watched his career, as you know, thinking the time would come when we might put our hands on him. That was why I sent you to see him when he was last on trial, Patsy."

"I understand; and that's why you give me this end of the job."

"Certainly. You've seen him, and will pick him out easily. You also know where to look for him. As soon as you get him we'll have Gordon take a look at him."

Nick turned to the others.

"I want you to go with me, Chick," he said, "and Ida, you stay here till we hear from Patsy. If we get Doorknob Joe, and Gordon identifies him, he'll be taken to a police court and news of his arrest will be in the papers."

"I think I see," said Ida. "You want to get on the trail of his accomplice."

"Exactly. If Doorknob Joe goes to court it is more than likely that his pal will sneak in there to hear all he can about the case. You'll know what to do, Ida, if it comes to that."

"I think so."

They returned to the dining room, and Mr. Gordon arose to go.

"One more question," said Nick. "You have given me a list and description of the stolen jewels. One item is 'diamond star, one of a pair.' What does it mean?"

"It means," Gordon replied, "that only one of the stars was taken. I have the other with me. I have always carried it. My wife and I each had one. They were wedding presents. Of course, I couldn't wear mine, but I always have kept it with me. It was in my clothes last night when the thief was in my room."

While he was speaking, Mr. Gordon was taking a small parcel from a pocket and unwrapping it.

He then showed a splendid jewel, a gold star, each arm of which was lined with the purest diamonds.

"I understand," said Nick; "that may help us before we get through with the case."

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER DOORKNOB JOE.

Patsy lost no time in getting at his end of the case.

Three years before Nick had told him to go to a court where Joseph Gregg was on trial.

"Get a good look at him," Nick had said, "and find out all you can about his haunts. He won't stay in prison forever, and all you can learn now may be useful to you some day."

One of the secrets of the Carters' success is in just this way of keeping track of all noted crooks.

The young detective knew that in the old days before Doorknob Joe was sent to Sing Sing, he used to hang out at several places along Seventh Avenue. Every one of them was a dive where no honest man went if he knew what he was about.

It seemed at first as if a hunt for the crook at such an early hour might be useless, especially if it was true that Doorknob Joe had been mixed up in the affair at Gordon's; but a little reasoning showed Patsy that he was as likely to find the man early as late.

"If he was in it," Patsy thought, "he'll be around as usual just to throw off suspicion. If he wasn't, he's likely to be up now anyway."

Patsy did not disguise himself, for as he never had had business with Doorknob Joe, he didn't think it necessary.

The first place he went into made him think a little differently. It was a saloon in the middle of a block. At the back, unknown to the police, but recently discovered by Patsy, was a door to a passage that led through a house to a side street.

He knew that crooks used this passage as a means of escape when pursued by the police.

The place was run by a tough character known as Shang Foley.

When Patsy went in half a dozen men were in the back part of the saloon, all sleeping. Some were sprawled on chairs and others had their heads on a table, and he could not see their faces.

Nobody was at the bar, and the detective stepped up to it.

At that moment the bartender was stooping behind it, washing some glasses.

When he stood up, Patsy said:

"I want a glass of beer."

The bartender looked sharply at him and scowled.

"No, you don't want a glass of beer," he retorted gruffly. "You want to see a man."

Patsy saw that he was recognized, and he remembered this bartender as one who had been a crook years before.

In fact, it was Patsy who had sent him up for his last term in prison.

They had not met for years, and now, it seemed, the crook was "on the level"; that is, he was pretending, at least, to be an honest man making his living by tending bar.

He not only had recognized the detective, but had sized up his business there.

Patsy looked him straight in the eyes for a moment, and said quietly:

"Yes, I do want to see a man. Do you think he's here?"

"How do I know?" replied the bartender, with a savage oath.

"You know enough not to stand in my way."

The bartender glared back, hesitated, and then said:

"That's right. I don't want any trouble with you. Here, there, everybody! Step up!"

This was addressed to the sleeping men, and it was not what Patsy wanted, but it was too late to stop it.

The bartender went swiftly toward them as he spoke, and all raised their heads.

"Get a move on!" said the bartender roughly. "Free show for the gent in front. File past him, every mother's son of you. Chase yourselves, now!"

The men looked suspiciously from the bartender to Patsy, who leaned his back against the bar and put his hands in the pockets of his coat.

His revolvers were there, and the men looked ugly.

He knew three of them for desperate crooks, and whether they recognized him or not, they seemed to know what he was there for, and they got to their feet.

One by one they walked past him. Most of them lowered their heads, but two stared at him defiantly.

Doorknob Joe was not among them.

The two who had looked straight at him started to go out.

"Stop!" cried Patsy sternly. "Go back to your places."

The men hesitated, and looked at the bartender.

"That's right," said the latter, with a grin; "what he says goes."

"Lucky for you it's daylight," muttered one of the toughs as he walked back.

Patsy made no reply, but he said to the bartender:

"You knew better."

"Why!" responded the bartender, pretending surprise, "I was trying to help you."

"You knew better," Patsy repeated. "Don't let any of them go out by either door for the next ten minutes."

"Either door! there's only one."

"So? Tell that to the man on post."

With this Patsy went out.

"I hope I haven't put my foot in it," he thought. "That bold rascal let all those crooks take a look at me and I couldn't help myself. If they sneak out now they'll carry the word all through the district that a detective is on the hunt for somebody, and every crook who's been up to business within a week will run to cover."

He had not taken three steps before he wheeled about suddenly and reëntered Foley's place.

The bartender was arguing with one of the defiant men.

"It won't do," he was saying. "I throwed him a bluff, and I took chances in doing it. Now, if you slide he'll get onto me——"

At this moment he saw Patsy at the door.

"What did I tell you?" he cried. "There he is again. You'll set still now till the ten minutes is up. It'll be all right," he added to Patsy; "I won't let 'em sneak."

The detective felt pretty sure that he would keep his word and went out again.

He called in at three other joints where Doorknob Joe had been known to loaf away his time, but saw nothing in any of them to interest him.

From the last place he went out through the back room and side door.

This was for the purpose of making a quick change in his appearance, the back room being empty at the time.

When he was on the street again he looked and acted like a tough who was getting over an all-night celebration.

In this way he went to a basement dive where he expected to find a number of crooks, as he had at Shang Foley's.

It was his intention to get into conversation with them and lead the talk to a mention of Doorknob Joe. He had often played that game successfully, and it seemed to be the best one now.

He was disappointed to find nobody in the place. Nevertheless he ordered whisky and a cigar and sat down in the back of the room.

When the bartender's back was turned, Patsy poured his whisky into a spittoon, for he had no idea of drinking the poisonous stuff sold there; but he lit his cigar and smoked while he waited.

After a minute had passed two men had come in. Both were crooks. They glanced toward Patsy, and stopped at the bar for drinks.

Before they had finished three others came in, and two of them sat at a table near him.

These were crooks, too, and the detective began to plan for getting into talk with them.

He was just on the point of beginning when two other men came into the place and stopped at the bar.

One was a heavy, thickset fellow with a brutish face. There was a short black mustache on his upper lip, but Patsy knew him. He was Doorknob Joe.

"That mustache looks natural," thought the detective, "and Gordon says the man he saw had a smooth face."

He decided to go slow, but he had to change his mind in a hurry, for the door opened, and in came one of the gang that had walked past him in Shang Foley's place.

"Say!" said he, with a quick look around.

Everybody turned toward him.

"Time to chase yerselves," he added, "unless you want to knock at the door of the cooler."

"What's up?" asked one.

"Fly cop on the wing."

"Seen him?"

"Yes, at Shang's. Made us stay there ten minutes. If anybody's been doing business, he'll be up against it if he don't look sharp."

This was the kind of warning that Patsy had feared and tried to prevent.

He did not wait for the informer to finish, but got up and went straight to the bar.

"Nick told me," he reflected quickly, "to put Doorknob Joe in the cooler, and I'm going to do it, even if he does look as if Gordon couldn't identify him."

The man he wanted was just in the act of setting down his whisky glass.

"Doorknob," said Patsy quietly, "I want you."

There was a little stir in the place, and then deathly quiet, for all had heard, and they were startled.

The crook addressed turned slowly to the detective and glared at him savagely.

"Who you calling Doorknob?" he demanded, with an oath.

"You."

"Try again, then. I ain't the man, and I never heard of him."

"Put out your hands!" called Patsy sternly.

He had been watching for an opportunity to snap the bracelets on the crook's wrists, but Doorknob had been too wary.

At this the crook backed away a step, and the men in the place began to edge nearer.

"You infernal little sawed off," growled Doorknob, "who the devil are you?"

The detective flashed his badge.

On the instant when Doorknob Joe's eyes were turned to it, Patsy leaped.

At the same instant the man who had come in to give the warning cried:

"Down with the cuss! That's him!"

Doorknob lunged violently at the detective with his right fist.

Patsy caught it with both hands, and at the same time trod heavily on Doorknob's toes.

"Ouch!" grunted the crook, and staggered.

The detective snapped a steel ring around the wrist he had caught and reached for the other.

Meantime all the men in the place had rushed upon him.

One had got in a blow on the back of his head that made Patsy see stars, but this did not make him lose his presence of mind.

Holding to the chain attached to the bracelet, he swung his right fist suddenly about and caught the man who had struck him, giving him a crack on the jaw that sent him stumbling across the room.

By that time Doorknob was striking at him with his left hand.

Patsy ducked, and as he rose landed his fist plump between the eyes of the informer.

The mix-up was a thick one, but the knock-out of two men in a second cleared the space a little.

Spinning around, he caught Doorknob's left arm before the crook had recovered from the force of his own misspent blow, and with a powerful yank brought it close to the wrist that was already ironed.

There was a sharp click that could be heard above the racket, and both Doorknob's hands were fastened.

But the crook was kicking and struggling, and the other men had not given up yet.

The bartender at first had yelled to all to be quiet, for he didn't want his place raided; but when he saw that the crooks were determined to prevent an arrest, he joined in with them, and he was rushing around the end of the bar with a mallet just as Patsy succeeded in getting the bracelets on Doorknob.

At that moment, too, a tough had taken advantage of the fact that the detective was busy, and had thrown both his arms around Patsy's neck.

That was a tight squeeze, and in another second the detective might have been pushed to the floor and choked senseless, if not to death.

Patsy jerked his head back, and it struck the fellow who was choking him square on the forehead and dazed him so that he loosed his grip a little.

It was enough for the detective, and with a wrench of his shoulders he threw the tough off, and then there was a deafening report.

The mallet flew from the bartender's hand.

Patsy had drawn a revolver while struggling with the man who tried to choke him.

As always, he fired first to frighten, not to kill.

The bartender halted, and two of the crooks crawled hastily under tables.

"Stand off!" cried Patsy, swinging his weapon around in a half circle. "Next time this dog barks he'll bite, too."

They knew what he meant.

Doorknob Joe was cursing and still struggling, but the others slunk aside.

The detective then turned quickly upon his prisoner, and still holding the chain that was attached to the bracelets, he said:

"Walk backward! It won't do a bit of harm if I bore a hole in your heart, for you're wanted for murder!"

Doorknob gasped, and became suddenly quiet.

"I ain't done nothing," he muttered.

Patsy interrupted him with one word:

"March!"

The crook walked backward to the door.

All the way Patsy kept his weapon swinging from side to side, prepared to fire on the instant if any one of the other men should renew their attempt at rescue, but not one of them dared to move.

At the door he quickly threw it open and made Doorknob walk out backward.

"I'll have the rest of you for interfering with an officer, in about five minutes," he said.

It was a bluff, of course, for Patsy cared for nothing but the arrest of his prisoner, but he thought it well to frighten the crooks.

He knew that they would spread the news of Doorknob's capture, and that was exactly what Nick wanted.

When they were out of doors, Patsy pocketed his weapon and allowed Doorknob Joe to walk naturally.

They went along side by side, attracting a great deal of attention, until they came to a corner where a cab was waiting.

Patsy hired it and was driven with his prisoner to police headquarters. There he made a charge of robbery and assault against Doorknob, and then rang Nick up on the telephone.

CHAPTER V.

IDA AND THE BOY.

As the result of Patsy's messages over the phone, Nick, Ida, and Mr. Gordon were soon on their way to headquarters.

When they arrived they went at once to the chief inspector's room and Doorknob Joe was brought in.

Mr. Gordon started at sight of him, and his lips parted to say something.

But he drew back, and looked disappointed.

"Well?" said Nick inquiringly.

"At first glance," responded Mr. Gordon, "I thought it was the man I saw. The forehead, nose, and chin are very like, but my man had no mustache. That settles it, of course."

Doorknob Joe, who had been glaring sullenly at the detectives, now put on a look of injured innocence.

"Just because a man went wrong oncet," he muttered, "he never gets no chance when he lives on the level. I told you I hadn't done nothing!"

This last was to Patsy, who remarked, quietly.

"I've been thinking about that mustache. It's a pretty slick article, ain't it? Just about as long as would grow in seven weeks out of jail, eh?"

"See for yourself if you doubt it," exclaimed Doorknob, and he gave the short mustache a pull.

"Oh, it's a natural mustache," said Mr. Gordon. "Anybody can see that."

Patsy whispered to the inspector, who sent a man from the room with a command that the others did not hear.

"How is your son, Mr. Gordon?" asked Patsy.

Without appearing to do so, he kept his eyes on Doorknob.

"He hasn't recovered consciousness yet," was the reply, "and the doctor has little hope for his life."

"Then it's likely to be a case of murder."

"I fear so."

Doorknob stared boldly at the speakers, but Patsy saw the muscles of his face twitch.

"We'll see in a minute," he thought.

The man sent out by the inspector returned with a basin of hot water, soap, and towels.

The crook started in earnest when he saw these things, and Patsy smiled.

"Soap and water is worse than poison to some men," said he.

The crook resisted fiercely when the inspector's men tried to make him sit in a chair.

That room at headquarters has been the scene of many a useless struggle by crooks who feared identification.

Doorknob could not have hoped to escape, for the room is in the very middle of the building, and whichever way he went he would have encountered many policemen, but he struck out savagely and his first blow sent a policeman reeling.

Nick looked on smiling, but Patsy took a hand in the affair.

"Next time you fight," said he, "you'll try to kick over the electric chair at Sing Sing."

With this he leaped at Doorknob, caught both his arms and tripped him skillfully so that he fell back into the chair with a thud.

The policemen quickly bound him there, and then proceeded to wash his face.

As Patsy had said, the crook's mustache was a "slick" article, but it was proved false after a lot of scrubbing.

It had been gummed to the skin with great skill, but it was rubbed away at last.

"That's the man!" exclaimed Mr. Gordon, then.

"So my quick guess was right," Nick remarked, "but the case has only just begun."

Mr. Gordon looked at him wonderingly, but Nick said no more about it.

His assistants knew his ideas, and that was enough.

It was then nearly noon, and Doorknob, protesting that he was innocent, was led to a cell.

"It is possible," said Nick, aside to the inspector, "that we shall need more evidence than Mr. Gordon's. We shall get it. Let the reporters know what has happened, and have Doorknob examined in court at the end of the afternoon."

The inspector knew that Nick had a plan in this, but he asked no questions.

"It shall be done just as you say," he said.

Within an hour some of the evening papers had accounts of the arrest of Doorknob, and as a result the courtroom was crowded when the crook was brought before the magistrate.

Ida Jones sat in the front row. She had been there early to be sure of getting a good seat.

From the time when the crowd began to come in she studied every face.

Many were known to her; some as crooks, some as curious persons who pass most of their time in the police courts simply looking on and listening to the cases.

There was no doubt that nearly everybody had been brought there by the news of Doorknob's arrest, but she could not make up her mind that any of them had any great interest in him.

"I don't see anybody," she thought, "who acts as if he were a pal of Doorknob Joe's."

When the clerk called "Joseph Gregg" to the bar, there was a craning of necks and a general movement from the back part of the room to the rail.

Among those who pushed forward was a boy whom Ida had seen standing near the door for some minutes. He seemed to be bashful, as if he never had been in court before, but when the forward movement began, he joined it and even squirmed his way through the crush until he was close to the rail and about a dozen feet from where Ida sat.

The boy had forgotten to take off his hat, or had not known enough to do so, and a court officer saw him and scowled.

"Hats off, there!" said he roughly.

Instantly the boy took off his hat and the officer turned away.

That simple act gave Ida Jones a sudden idea on which she acted as soon as she could.

It was not possible for her to move from her seat then, but she kept her eyes on the boy.

If she thought to see him exchange glances with Doorknob, she was disappointed, for the boy hardly looked at the prisoner.

He leaned against the rail, swinging his hat idly and staring at everybody, the magistrate, Mr. Gordon, and Patsy, who were there to give their testimony, the policeman, and two or three other prisoners who were awaiting their turns for examination.

Most of the time Doorknob's back was to the boy, but once he turned and their eyes seemed to meet.

There was no sign of recognition on either side. Nevertheless Ida kept watching the boy.

The examination did not last long.

"Remanded to await result of victim's injuries," said the magistrate shortly.

The next case was called at once, and Doorknob Joe was led away.

Immediately the crowd began to go out. They had seen the famous crook and the slender young detective who had mastered him, and that was all they wanted.

Ida and the rest of the front row stood up and moved slowly to the aisle.

The boy had turned, too, and was going out. He still had his hat in his hand and did not put it on until he was well outside the door. Then he idled around in front of the building for several minutes. Most of the time he spent watching a number of boys playing craps, but he did not speak to them, and none of them seemed to know him.

"I can't be mistaken!" thought Ida more than once.

Believing that he was connected with Doorknob, and that he might be on the lookout for detectives, she kept herself carefully out of view, but where she could see him.

To make more certain that he should not suspect her, she took a heavy veil from her pocket and tied it over her face.

At last the boy crossed the street and waited for a car. Ida took the same car as he did, and they went far uptown. When the boy left, Ida left, too.

It was now growing dark, and easier, therefore, to shadow him without being perceived. Evidently he did not suspect that anybody was on his track, for he walked rapidly, with head down. Presently he turned into a side street, and after a few steps farther entered a house.

Ida was near enough to see that he used a key to open the door. She took note of the number, and went on to the next corner. There she stood for a time, looking back.

Nobody came out of the house the boy had entered, and, after waiting at least ten minutes, Ida went into a grocery near the corner.

"I am looking for a good boarding house," she said to the grocer. "Can you tell me of one near here?"

The grocer scratched his head.

"There's a good many," said he; "they're all about alike, I guess. Same price, anyway."

"That's just it," Ida responded; "they look so much alike from the outside that I can't tell which one to go to. I'd like to be with nice people, you know."

"Yes'm."

"I saw one place that I would have called at if I had been sure that it was a boarding house—there was such a nice-looking girl went in just as I passed. But there wasn't any sign at the window."

"What place was that, ma'am?"

"Number three hundred and twelve."

This was the number of the house the boy had entered.

"No," said the grocer, "that's not a boarding house. Professor Dent lives there. It was probably his niece you saw going in."

"Ah! I thought she must be a boarder."

"Well, mebbe Miss Kramer is a boarder. She lives there, but I know they don't take in strangers."

"I'm so sorry——"

"You might try number three hundred and fourteen, next door, you know. They have boarders there, and like enough you could get acquainted with Miss Kramer if you wanted to."

"Oh, I wouldn't think of such a thing! But I thank you for your information. I will inquire at three hundred and fourteen."

Ida was greatly pleased when she left the grocery. Somebody named Kramer lived at No. 312. That would have been important if she had not known anything more, but Ida knew a great deal more.

She had not made a random shot when she told the grocer that she saw a girl go into that house, for she had believed all along that the boy she followed was a girl disguised.

The disguise was perfect, and the way Ida saw through it may as well be told now as later.

She had not suspected that the boy was anything but a boy until the court officer commanded "Hats off!" Then the boy put both hands to his head to remove the hat. No boy would have done that.

It was the movement of a girl who could not forget her habits when dressed in boy's clothing; and the detective instantly reasoned that a girl who was enough interested in Doorknob Joe to go to court in such a disguise must be connected with the case.

Now she had to decide on the next step.

Nick would be satisfied if she reported to him what she had discovered, but somebody would have to investigate Professor Dent's house and find more about Miss Kramer.

Ida's decision was quickly made. She would face Miss Kramer at once.

So she went to the house numbered 312 and rang the bell.

The door was soon opened by an old man who was evidently not a servant. "This is the professor," thought Ida.

"Is Miss Kramer at home?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered pleasantly, "will you come in?"

He held the door wide open and Ida stepped in.

"Too easy, so far," she thought.

"This way, if you please," said the old man, as he went along to the end of the hall. There he opened a door to a small, well-furnished room. Heavy curtains were at the windows, but the room was well lighted by electricity.

"I will call her," the old man added, and he bowed politely.

Ida sat down, but almost immediately she jumped up.

The old man had closed the door as he went out and she heard the click of a key turning in the lock.

She did not stir for a moment, but did some rapid thinking, for there was but little doubt that she had let herself into a trap.

Nothing could be gained by showing that she had discovered her difficulty, but she must find out without delay how bad a trap it was.

Very softly she crossed the room and pulled aside the heavy curtains.

She found no window. The curtains hung against bare walls.

The only door to the room was the one through which she had come in.

"Made to order!" she said to herself, for it was evident that the room had been built for a prison.

If there had been any doubt about it she would have known a moment later, for the old man spoke.

His voice sounded muffled, coming as it did through the door, but she could hear every word.

"Miss Kramer is busy just now," he said, and she heard him chuckle. "She asks you to wait a day or two if you don't mind."

"Oh, not at all," cried Ida, with a laugh.

"You can amuse yourself looking out of the windows," said he.

"Thank you," she responded cheerfully, "I have just been admiring your windows."

"What do you think of the view?"

"Splendid!"

"Ugh!"

This last was a grunt of anger.

The old man was enraged to see that she was not frightened.

"You think you're very nervy," he snarled, "but it won't be long before you'll wish you'd never tried to get into the professor's house. I'll let you know that we expected you. My niece saw that she was watched and followed. We haven't any idea who you are and we don't want to know. It's enough for us that we have you where you can't do any harm. I believe you said you liked the view?"

"I like it so well," Ida replied, "that I am going to see the other rooms in the house and find if they are as pleasant."

"Bah! now how do you like it?"

The room suddenly became totally dark.

Ida's keen eyes had already observed that there was no switch connection for the electric lights in the room.

She was not surprised, therefore, when the light was turned off from without, and she knew that there would be no way of turning them on again from inside.

It wasn't pleasant, but she kept up her bluff.

"Nothing could be better," she cried.

"Curse your impudence!" grumbled the old man, and she then heard his steps departing.

CHAPTER VI.

DEADLY PERIL FOR IDA.

Ida wasted no time in regretting that she had got into this trap.

Everything showed that she was in the power of unusually shrewd and desperate criminals, and for that reason there was not a minute to lose in making her escape.

Yet it was not escape that Ida thought of so much as the capture of the criminals.

At that moment it was probable that not only was Professor Dent in the house, but Miss Kramer also, and possibly more members of the gang.

The detective wanted to make up for the scrape she had got into by arresting them, and she believed it would be possible to do this if she could take them by surprise.

"They feel perfectly certain that I can't get out," she thought, "and therefore they will stay here for a time at least. Maybe I can get that door open in half a minute."

Like the rest of the Carters, Ida always went prepared for trouble. There were deep pockets in her dress and jacket where she carried not only a revolver, but several things that experience had shown to be useful.

Among them was that early invention of Nick's, the picklock, which often made it easy to get in or out of a locked room.

This was what Ida now took from her pocket, and she approached the door and felt for the keyhole. Having found it she inserted the useful tool only to find that the heyhole was false. It was no more than a quarter of an inch deep.

The lock, therefore, could be reached only from the outside.

Ida tried the doorknob, but even that would not work from the inside.

"Clever!" she muttered softly, and felt along the other side of the door for the hinges.

Her thought was that the hinges might be unscrewed, but she quickly found that the screw heads were not on the inside of the room.

She was not discouraged, but while she was searching her pockets for another tool she discovered that there was every reason why she should work fast.

Gas was escaping somewhere.

The smell was faint at first, but there could be no mistaking what it was, and it grew stronger rapidly.

For a moment the detective was startled.

The villainous plan of this room was now clear, for the room was a tightly made box with a gas pipe opening into it somewhere.

A few minutes would be enough to fill the room so full of the deadly gas that no human being could live!

What she could do, therefore, must be done very fast, for she might not have strength enough to finish.

Among the things she had with her was a very small electric battery—no larger than her fist.

It was made in such a way that two tools could be worked by it while the battery was held in the hand.

One of these tools was a drill hardly bigger than a knitting needle. The other was a watch-spring saw.

There was also a tiny bulb for giving light.

Ida first fastened the bulb to the battery and lighted the room.

She hoped to see the end of the gas pipe so that she could plug it.

Less than half a minute's search convinced her that she was wasting valuable time.

The end of the pipe was concealed somewhere, and, though she might find it by hunting long enough, she would likely be ready to drop from suffocation by the time she got to it.

"Better get the door open first," she decided.

Returning to the door and turning off her light so as to save all the power of the battery for the work that had to be done, she pressed against the edge of the door until she became satisfied that the bolt that held it was, as is usually the case, near the handle.

Then she quickly inserted the needle drill in the battery, and in an instant had driven it through the thick panel.

Taking out the drill and putting the saw in place of it, she paused suddenly and put her thumb over the hole she had made.

Somebody was passing along the hall.

Ida heard the rustling of a woman's skirts.

The smell of gas was now sickening, and it began to pain her lungs.

Ida coughed.

The rustling of skirts ceased, and a light, mocking laugh sounded close to the door.

"Never mind, Madam Smarty," said a clear voice; after a little coughing you won't suffer. They say that one's dreams are very pleasant when choking begins in earnest."

That was probably the "boy," Miss Kramer.

"She's had plenty of time to change her clothes," thought Ida. "Thank Heaven she isn't going to stand guard by the door, but even if she did I should have to keep at work. I'd rather die in a fight than stay here to be choked to death."

With another laugh Miss Kramer, if it was she, passed on.

Ida hardly waited for the rustling of skirts to cease, but pushed the saw through the hole she had made.

Her first cough had been partly assumed. Now she coughed because she could not help it.

There was a horrible tickling in her throat and a weight on her lungs. Tears came to her eyes in spite of her will power. They were not tears of fear, but simply forced there by the pressure of the poisonous atmosphere upon her.

Like lightning, for it was lightning that drove it, the saw cut through the wood.

About eight inches in one direction, then straight across the panel to the edge.

After that a cut from the other end of the first cut again to the edge.

Ida's brain was reeling, and she was beginning to see visions.

One-half minute more and she would not have been able to move her hands.

There was no time for caution.

She pushed the section she had sawed away, and it fell to the floor outside.

Almost unconscious though she was, Ida noticed with joy that it fell on a carpeted floor with little noise.

She put her face to the opening and drew a deep breath.

It made her lungs smart worse than ever, but it gave her new strength.

Drawing back her head, she put her arm through the opening, found the handle to the bolt, turned it, then turned the doorknob and fell upon her face in the hall outside.

There was so much relief in the fresh air she found there that the detective was in danger of forgetting that gas was still escaping and would soon fill the hallway also.

But Ida kept her head, and, struggling to her feet, she fastened the bulb on her battery and turned on its light.

She knew that gas must have been turned on near the door, for she had smelled it but a few seconds after the old man had gone away.

Yes—in the woodwork beside the lock there was a stop cock.

Ida turned it.

There was no way to tell in an instant that this shut off the gas, but she believed it did and she knew that there was not an instant to lose if she would make her escape from the house or capture its villainous inmates.

The detective had no thought of escaping now.

Her mad was up and nothing would satisfy her except complete success.

She remembered that the steps of both Professor Dent and Miss Kramer had gone toward the back of the house.

Ida started in that direction, keeping her light going until she came to the end of the hall, where she found two doors.

One was partly open, and a glance showed her that a dining room was beyond.

When she had opened the other door and saw a flight of stairs descending, she shut off her light and put the battery away.

Her lungs were still smarting with gas, and the smell had come into the hall.

"I hope it won't get ahead of me and give warning," thought the detective.

She passed quickly through the stairway door and closed it softly behind her.

Then she stood still for a moment to get over the dizziness that had been caused by her narrow escape from suffocation.

A few breaths of pure air made her feel all right again, and she descended.

Now she had her revolver in hand.

At the bottom of the stairs she paused again and listened.

She heard voices, and a line of light a few paces in front of her seemed to show where they came from.

This was the basement, not the cellar of the house, and a little light came in from two windows.

It was just enough to make it possible for her to cross the room without stumbling against anything.

From where she stood the detective could hear no words plainly, but when she had crossed to the line of light, which lay at the bottom of a door, she could hear all that was said.

"What's the matter with your fire?" demanded a woman's voice crossly.

That was not the voice of the "boy."

"You're impatient," responded the voice of Professor Dent. "The fire is getting along as well as ever it did. It will be ready in a few minutes."

"Every minute is full of peril," grumbled the other.

"Bosh!" said the professor, "I never knew you to be so timid."

Ida's first thought at the mention of fire was that these villains were preparing to destroy her dead body, but her second thought was better.

She knew of another use they would have for fire.

"Don't you think," said another voice, and this time it was that of the woman who had mocked at her and called her "Smarty," "that it is about time to shut off the gas up there?"

"There's no hurry," replied the professor.

"And there's no use in having too much of a good thing," returned the other. "The fool was coughing when I passed. She's probably stiff by now."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the first woman, "what a room that is! How useful when we find ourselves watched! But you had sharp eyes, Kate. You did well to see that the woman had tumbled to you."

"Bah!" exclaimed the one addressed as Kate, "I don't see how she did it. But I decided to lead her straight here before she had time to report her suspicions to headquarters."

"Or Nick Carter," said the professor. "Didn't you say that he had been engaged on the case?"

"Yes, and that's why I want that fire to get in its work. We must hurry if we are to get anything out of this."

"Well," said Kate decidedly, "I'm going to shut off the gas. If too much of it escapes it will fill the whole house, and we shall have no end of trouble in clearing the air."

"Go ahead, then," said the professor.

There were quick steps across the room beyond.

Ida did not stir.

The door was opened, and in the first glance Ida recognized the "boy" in the young woman who gasped and started back.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Ida coolly, "I turned off the gas myself."

The muzzle of Ida's revolver was within two inches of Kate's face.

She was too frightened to cry out or stir.

At a glance Ida took in the whole scene.

The room was a kitchen, and at the range stood the professor. He had just opened the fire door to put on fresh coal.

On the range was a large iron pot, and near by on a table was a heap of jewelry and gold cups.

By this stood an elderly woman who proved to be Mrs. Kramer, Mr. Gordon's housekeeper.

It was evident that they were about to melt the gold cups in the pot and thus not only prevent them from being identified, but to get the gold in such shape that it could be sold without arousing suspicion.

The group of crooks stood as if turned to stone.

"One at a time now," said Ida; "you first, professor. Come here."

The professor's knees were trembling so that he could hardly cross the room. His jaws were parted and his eyes staring wildly.

Ida never had seen a man so overcome by terror.

"Stand back!" she said to Kate.

Covered by the revolver, Kate stepped back.

"Clear to the corner!" cried the detective sternly.

The young woman obeyed, never moving her eyes from those of her enemy.

Mrs. Kramer did not stir. She, too, was staring wildly at Ida, but there was desperation in her glance that meant mischief.

"It must be her turn next," thought Ida, "and I guess it would have been better to begin with her. I supposed I should have more trouble with the man."

It was now too late to change her plan.

Professor Dent was trembling before her. She did not need to order him to put out his hands, and he whined like a sick dog as he did so.

Ida had the bracelets ready and she swiftly snapped them into place.

But this movement required her attention for a second, though she still kept her weapon raised, and Mrs. Kramer was quick to take advantage of the situation.

She leaped forward just as Ida was dropping the bracelets on the professor's wrists.

The detective swiftly turned the revolver upon her and fired, but Mrs. Kramer had caught up a gold cup from the table as she leaped.

This she hurled at Ida.

It did not reach its mark, but it succeeded in another way, for it stopped the bullet.

The cup fell, battered, to the floor, and before Ida could fire again the woman was upon her.

"You fiend!" shrieked Mrs. Kramer, "I'll kill you yet!"

The professor, encouraged by this assault, dropped on his knees and tried to trip Ida.

He almost succeeded in this, and for a second or two Ida had her hands full.

Her strength was equal to breaking Mrs. Kramer's grasp, and she threw the woman off heavily.

Meantime Kate had been as quick to take advantage of the situation, and the moment the shot was fired she had slipped across the room, opened a door, and disappeared.

By the time Ida might have used her weapon against her she was gone.

At that moment, however, the detective was after Mrs. Kramer, who was trying again to clutch her.

Ida pushed at the professor with her foot, but he managed to catch it with his manacled hands, and he held on like death.

Just as Ida fired again at Mrs. Kramer he gave a furious tug that unbalanced the detective, and her shot therefore went wild.

Like a flash Mrs. Kramer turned about and was out of the door before Ida could get her balance again.

The professor was now struggling like a maniac.

He seemed to think that both women were helping him, for he spoke to them.

"Throw the bottle in her face, Kate!" he cried. "That will do the business. Use the knife on her!"

He had got to his feet before he saw that the women had gone, but he continued to struggle.

The instant Ida got her balance she dealt him a blow on the forehead with her fist that sent him reeling.

Not stopping to see how he fell she ran to the door through which the women had gone, and which opened on a back yard.

Nobody was in sight.

"Well," thought Ida, disappointed, "it will be a chase, that's all. I've got one of the crooks and all the jewels, and that's something."

Professor Dent was sitting up and rubbing his head when she reëntered the kitchen.

He was obedient enough now, and she made him get to his feet and walk ahead of her up the stairs.

As they passed through the basement they heard the doorbell ring.

CHAPTER VII.

A DEATHBED CONFESSION.

"You can use your hands," said Ida, "and you'll open the door to see who's there."

"Ah!" groaned the professor, "I don't dare to."

"Well," responded Ida, "I have shot twice for nothing. I wouldn't mind an excuse for shooting again, and the third time never fails, you know."

The professor shuddered and staggered up the stairs and through the hall to the door.

It opened just before he got there, and Nick Carter strode in. Close behind him was Chick.

"We heard shots," said Nick; "thought they came from here, and decided we'd better not wait for the door to be unlocked for us."

As he spoke he put his picklock in his pocket.

"Got him, did you, Ida?" he added.

"But the others got away," responded Ida. "There's no time to lose if we are to catch them. All the jewels are downstairs."

"Glad to hear it. Chick, you take this man to the station house. I'll stay to help Ida if she needs it. I must see those jewels first and hear the story. It won't be a waste of time."

Accordingly Chick took charge of Professor Dent and went away with him.

Nick and Ida went back to the kitchen, and while Nick looked over the jewels Ida told her story.

"Everything is here," said he, "except the diamond star."

"And Mr. Gordon's repeater," added Ida.

"We have that already."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, there was another accomplice in this matter. I suspected it almost from the start. I sent Chick out to investigate, and when he reported that young William Gordon had got heavily into debt from leading a fast life I was certain. Since then we have had William's deathbed confession."

"Then the young man is dead!"

"He is. I will tell you the whole story as we go along. As I look at it, Mrs. Kramer will try to get out of the State. So we will go to the Grand Central Station first and see what we can find."

While he was speaking Nick packed the jewels and cups in the very bag that Doorknob Joe had used when he took his plunder from Mr. Gordon's house, and he took it with him when he went out with Ida Jones.

An inquiry of a policeman they met at the corner revealed the fact that a few minutes earlier he had seen two bareheaded women take a southbound car.

Nick found a taxi and ordered the chauffeur to go to the Grand Central. On the way he said to Ida:

"Mrs. Kramer has been the undiscovered accomplice of Doorknob Joe ever since he went into business, I think. She left the door unfastened for him last night, and she had a key made to the strong box.

"When she went to Mr. Gordon's it was with the intention of planning a robbery in just this way, but she had not been there long before she found that young William was in financial straits.

"He had been going to the bad, and his father discovered it. They had some trouble, but not as much as you might suppose.

"Mr. Gordon was no more severe than he ought to be, and if William had told him the whole truth he would have paid the young man's debts and would have forgiven him.

"But William had not dared to tell his father how much he owed, and discovery was threatening.

"Mrs. Kramer worked on the young man and induced him to help in preparing the robbery.

"William consented on condition that nothing should be taken except jewelry. He kicked at taking money.

"The gang agreed to this, and William's share of the preparations consisted in getting his father's revolver and placing chairs in the room so that if the old man awaked the thief would get warning of danger.

"Doorknob Joe and Mrs. Kramer did the work, and they got the jewels easily. Then they became greedy.

"She insisted on loading her pal up with gold cups and things from the sideboard.

"They had a dispute about it and a cup was dropped.

"That was what aroused Mr. Gordon.

"William was awake, of course, and he feared that his father would be killed.

"You see, the young man was not altogether bad. He really tried to save his father's life.

"Doorknob Joe shot him by mistake.

"In the confusion of that moment Mrs. Kramer went to the front door and fixed the catch so that Mr. Gordon would suppose that the door had been properly locked all the time.

"About an hour ago William recovered consciousness and made a complete confession.

"He had taken his father's watch with the foolish notion that it might somehow be a blind. Perhaps he had an idea that he would sell or pawn it on his own account. Anyhow he did not turn it over to Doorknob Joe, but put it under his pillow, where also he concealed his own and his father's revolver.

"He told us about this house and urged us to come here at once to save the jewels.

"Professor Dent, he said, was supposed to be a respectable man, but he made a business of melting down stolen jewelry and other articles and disposing of the gold.

"William believed, and correctly, that the crooks would not dare to waste time about the matter."

"I wonder," Ida remarked, "why they waited as long as they did. The stuff could have been melted in the forenoon."

"Not if it wasn't there."

"Well, then, where was it?"

"I don't know to a certainty, but William gave us the tip before he breathed his last.

"He explained that the plan was for Doorknob to get the stuff out of the house, but not to carry it far.

"You see, any man carrying a bundle at that time of night would have aroused the suspicions of the first policeman he met. So he was to drop it over a fence, or down a coal hole, and I think the latter was the place.

"Doorknob Joe lifted the coal-hole cover in front of Gordon's house, dropped the bag, and ran.

"He easily got out of sight before Mr. Gordon got to the door, and after that he was safe enough, for he was empty-handed.

"The police searched the house to see what articles were missing. Of course, they didn't look in the coal bin. It didn't occur to them that the booty could still be in the house.

"At a convenient time Mrs. Kramer went down the cellar and hid the bag, until she could have an excuse to go out with it.

"She found that excuse after I arrived at the house. I had talked with her and was quite certain that she was mixed up in the crime, but I wasn't ready to make a move.

"She told Mr. Gordon that she must go to the market. He was too anxious about his son just then to think of referring her to me, and, before I knew it, she was gone with a big basket.

"But she came back after a time, and I did not suspect that she had taken the booty away with her.

"That accounted for a part of the delay, and the rest of it is accounted for by the fact that they heard of Doorknob's capture, and wanted to make sure whether he was frightened into confessing anything.

"When they were satisfied of that by the report of Kate Kramer, they went to work.

"While I was listening to young Gordon's confession, Mrs. Kramer sneaked out again, and that, I think, tells the whole story so far as we know it yet."

"Is Kate, Mrs. Kramer's daughter?" asked Ida.

"I suppose so," Nick answered, "but I do not know."

"What do you suppose has become of the missing diamond star?"

"Well," said Nick, "a woman ought to make as good a guess about that as I can. Don't you think it is a jewel that would tempt a woman?"

"Decidedly! The mate to it, showed us by Mr. Gordon, was one of the most beautiful things I ever saw."

"Then I think you'll find it when you get your women. Here we are at the Grand Central."

It proved to be an easy task to trace the women crooks.

The detectives asked questions of the gatemen in the train shed and soon learned that two bareheaded women had taken a train but three minutes before they arrived.

It was the first train to go out after the women arrived at the station.

"They had tickets for Portchester," said the gateman. "I remember, because they seemed in such a hurry and had no hats on."

"Does that train go beyond Portchester?" asked Nick.

"No. It runs express to Mount Vernon, and then stops at every station. The New Haven express that leaves fifteen minutes from now gets to Portchester half a minute after the local."

"Does the express stop there?"

"No."

"It will this time," Nick remarked, as he turned away. "Get a ticket for New Haven, Ida, and I'll see the train dispatcher."

CHAPTER VIII.

ACROSS THE STATE LINE.

Five minutes later they met again on the station platform.

"Why not telegraph to Mount Vernon, Nick," asked Ida, "and have the women arrested when the train stops there?"

"Because they will be on the lookout for just that move, and they are so shrewd and desperate that I fear they would be able to throw down the police of that place.

"If they find that they are not troubled at Mount Vernon they will have confidence that they have eluded us altogether, and will act more boldly.

"Their confidence will increase as they pass every village without difficulty.

"I shouldn't wonder if you found them at Portchester waiting to take the next train across the line, for you know that Portchester is the last town in this State. Greenwich, the next town beyond, is in Connecticut."

"I suppose you have arranged to have my train stop at Portchester?"

"Yes, that's fixed, and I shall leave the rest to you. There's no need of both of us going. I'll take these jewels back to Gordon's and hope you'll land your birds before morning."

Ida said she hoped so, too, and went aboard the train.

Nothing happened on the journey.

The train arrived at Portchester on time, and Ida stood on the platform of the first passenger car as it rolled up to the station.

Few persons were on the station platform, for it was not supposed there that the express was going to stop, and no women were among them.

The detective watched the station doors also.

"If they are in the waiting room," she thought, "they may run out when they see that the train is stopping here and get aboard. If they do I'm ready for them."

But nobody came from the station and Ida stepped off. The train started on again at once.

Ida looked up the station agent.

"Were you outside when the local came in?" she asked.

"Yes'm, of course."

"Did you see two women without hats on get off?"

"Two? no, but I seen one."

"One only?"

"Yes'm."

"Was anybody with her?"

"I didn't notice."

"You would have noticed if anybody had been with her, wouldn't you?"

"Well, I dunno, I guess so. It looked so kind o' queer to see a woman come in at night without any hat——"

"That's it. You did notice, and you're sure she was alone."

"Yes'm."

"Which way did she go?"

"Down to the main street."

"Didn't she stop to ask about the next train to New Haven, or anywhere else?"

"No'm; she just waltzed right off to the street."

"Thank you."

Ida was a little disappointed, for Nick himself had been hopeful that she would find the women at the station, and that had made Ida confident.

She was not discouraged, however, and down she went to the main street, wondering how long the woman she was after would leave a clew behind her.

As long as she went bareheaded it would be comparatively easy to trace her.

A man came running after her.

"Beg pardon, ma'am," said he, "but the station agent says you were just asking about two bareheaded women."

"Yes," responded Ida, and she saw that the man had a brakeman's uniform and badge.

"They were on my train," said the brakeman. "The young woman left at New Rochelle."

"Ah! she could get a train back to the city by the branch line from there."

"That's it, ma'am. I saw her making for that train. It was just going to pull out."

Ida thanked him and went on.

"Kate can hide more easily in New York," she thought, "than Mrs. Kramer can in the country."

Although it was now getting late in the evening she found that not all the stores in the village were closed.

As she went along the street she saw a clerk locking up a milliner's shop, and Ida hurried up to him.

"Excuse me," she said, "but didn't a woman come in here a few minutes ago and buy a hat?"

"Yes," said he, surprised. "I was just shutting up when——"

"How long ago was it?"

"Oh, two minutes, I guess. She was bareheaded——"

"Which way did she go?"

"Took a trolley going east. She said her hat blew out of the window of the train, and——"

"How far do the trolley cars go?"

"To the State line. You see, one happened to be passing just then, and——"

"When will there be another?"

"About quarter of an hour, and she just managed to catch it. She said——"

"Where is the nearest garage?"

"Two blocks west. Said she'd got a sick friend——"

Ida was out of hearing, and the puzzled clerk went on with his locking up.

The detective hired a high-powered motor car and chauffeur at the garage, and in a few minutes was speeding toward the State line.

"Mrs. Kramer hopes to be safer in Connecticut," she thought. "I can arrest her there if she gets across the line ahead of me, and, if necessary, I can leave her locked up till we get extradition papers."

They had gone halfway to the State line when they met a returning trolley car.

The chauffeur, who knew something about Ida's business, said:

"That's the car your friend was on."

"She's in Connecticut by this time, then," Ida responded.

"Yes, but she's got a long hill to climb before she gets into Greenwich."

"We must overtake her."

"Sure, if she sticks to the main road."

Some time after passing the State line they came to a place where the road branched.

"Which way shall I go?" asked the chauffeur. "Both roads go to Greenwich."

"Keep to the right," said Ida, at a guess.

Soon they came to the long hill that the chauffeur had spoken of. The road was straight, and they could see nobody walking up it. The village was at the top.

"She must have taken the other road," said Ida. "Drive up to the village and wait."

This was done, and at the top of the hill Ida left the motor car, telling the chauffeur to go on a little distance and wait for her.

Ida paced back and forth beside the road for some minutes. At last she saw a figure toiling up the hill.

It was that of a woman, but who she was could not be seen until she was very near.

Even then a veil concealed her face, but Ida felt sure.

Stepping out suddenly from the shadow of a bush, she said:

"Good evening, Mrs. Kramer."

The veiled woman halted abruptly, and then dashed at Ida with terrible fury.

"You fiend!" she hissed, "you shall not escape me this time."

"I don't mean to," retorted Ida, dodging a blow.

The woman had an open knife in her hand, and the blade cut a gash in Ida's sleeve.

It was a familiar trick for the detective to catch Mrs. Kramer's arm and wrest the knife from her.

Then the women fell, but Ida had the upper hand, and in a second had handcuffs where they belonged.

Her chauffeur came running up.

"Can I help you, ma'am?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Ida, getting up, "you can drive us back to Portchester as fast as your car can go."

"All right."

"You shan't take me back!" cried Mrs. Kramer. "You have no right to take me out of the State."

"Well," laughed Ida, "I'll take chances on that."

They dragged the struggling criminal to the automobile and put her in. But before they could start a man came hurrying up.

"What's going on?" he demanded.

Ida explained.

"I demand," cried Mrs. Kramer, "that I be held here. I will not go back without extradition papers signed by the governor."

"She's got the law on her side in that," said the man. "I'm a policeman here, and I shall have to lock her up. You'll have to apply for extradition papers, madam."

This was to Ida, who knew that he was right.

"Very well," she said, "I'll see that the woman is put behind the bars and then see about extradition."

That was as far as she could carry the case that night.

Mrs. Kramer was locked up in Greenwich, and Ida drove back to Portchester, where she caught the last train for the city.

When she reported to Nick, he said:

"That's all right. We have the man who killed William Gordon, and we have the professor as an accomplice to the robbery.

"We've also got Mrs. Kramer, for it won't be troublesome to get the papers to-morrow.

"As for Kate, we shall have to make a search for her, for she's a dangerous character. But it has been a good day's work. All the stolen property recovered has——"

"Except the diamond star," Ida interrupted.

"You have the diamond star on the brain, Ida. But you're right. The diamond star must be recovered. Sure Mrs. Kramer didn't have it with her?"

"Sure. She was carefully searched in my presence."

"I am not surprised that she didn't have it. We shall find it when we get the fair Kate."

Nick planned to make the capture of Kate Kramer his next work, but things happened that made it necessary to do something else first.

THE END.

"Nick Carter and the Murderess; or, Tracked by a Crimson Trail," is the title of the story that will be found in the next issue of this weekly. The mysterious murder of the matron of a poor farm starts the Carters on a chase that was destined to lead one of them, Ida Jones, into the most dangerous experience of her career. The issue is No. 23, and it will be out February 15th.

A LION AMONG WOLVES;

Or, SHERIDAN KEENE'S IDENTITY.

By ALDEN F. BRADSHAW.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Calvin E. Barton, a multimillionaire copper magnate, of Boston, sends his eight-year-old son to deliver a package at the home of Joseph Hilton. The boy delivers the package, but does not return home that night. The next morning, Mr. Barton receives a letter demanding $50,000 for the return of the boy. Mr. Barton reports the case to Inspector Watts, and, after discussing it, they decide that David Barton, the disowned half brother of Calvin, is responsible for the kidnaping.

CHAPTER II.

KEENE MAKES A BRILLIANT MOVE.

The Harrigan matter, which Chief Watts had mentioned as engaging the time and attention of Sheridan Keene, was one of stolen property, which was suspected to have been pawned, and a list of which the detective carried in his vest pocket as he made his round of calls at the pawnshops, and interviewed some of the suspected "fences."

In appearance that Tuesday morning, Detective Keene was a little off his usual neatness. An outing the previous afternoon and night had been enjoyed aboard the yacht *Mollie O.*, with Colonel Mack and a "gander party," and the sloop did not make her moorings till near daybreak.

Keene had been invited to remain aboard until after breakfast. Hence, when he came uptown and began his tour of investigation, he was clad in a cap, a blue reefer, and a dark woolen shirt, instead of his usual make-up of clean linen and a fashionable fall suit. He did not dream, when he decided that it was not worth while to go home to make a change, to what strange advantages and startling incidents this rough garb was destined to give rise.

As he came down Tremont Street out of Hollis, not far from half past nine, he encountered one of his brother inspectors, who had just come from headquarters.

"Wait a moment, Keene!" the other exclaimed. "There's a case on of which you probably are ignorant, and I guess I had better inform you."

"What case is that, Andrew?" Keene halted and asked.

"A boy kidnaped," was the reply. "Watts and Eldridge are working all the officers to secure evidence and locate the lad."

"What are the particulars?"

The inspector rattled them off with glib brevity.

"Boy eight years old, light complexion, blue eyes, and yellow hair, worn long. Dressed in knickerbocker suit, black stockings, and laced shoes. Wore a small watch and chain, with name in case. Name Franklin Barton, son of Calvin Barton, copper magnate. Kidnaped in Back Bay district some time last evening. Chief very anxious to fix on the identity of abductors. Good day!"

Keene laughed and nodded.

"I will keep an eye out," he replied, as the two officers parted.

Detective Keene did not discontinue his work upon the Harrigan matter, however, but walked on down Tremont Street, carrying both cases in mind. He dropped into three loan offices in that neighborhood, in his vain quest in the Harrigan case, and was approaching a fourth, when the movements of a man on the opposite side of the street drew his attention.

The stranger was a tolerably well-clad young man, in a faded topcoat and a brown derby hat. In his actions there was something which Sheridan Keene instinctively felt was suspicious. He appeared as if anxious to evade some person, without betraying that he was so engaged, but Keene could not locate the second party. He followed the stranger for a block, however, when the fellow slipped around a corner and vanished.

Not more than ten minutes later Sheridan Keene turned into Pleasant Street, and presently approached a shop in one of the old and weather-beaten wooden buildings in that locality. Above a narrow door, which gave ingress between two dirty and begrimed windows, were fixed three wooden balls, which glittered faintly in spots when the sunshine was on them, showing that they once had resembled balls of gold, an artifice long since exposed by wind and weather. There also was above the door a narrow black sign, bearing in faded blue letters the words: "I. Rosnosky, Pawnbroker."

Although Mr. Isaac Rosnosky had thus far evaded police detection, or at all events the troubles and expenses of arrest and conviction, he long had been suspected of being one of the most artful "fences" for the receipt and disposal of stolen property.

The shop was a dingy little place, and Rosnosky was an old and dirty little man, of Hebraic blood. As it happened, however, Sheridan Keene never before had had occasion to visit the place, and his features were unknown to the Jew.

As he was approaching the shop, which was near a corner, Keene thought he suddenly caught sight of the faded topcoat and the brown derby hat, as if their owner had slipped hurriedly into the place. He quickened his pace, and also entered.

As he suspected, the fellow he earlier had noticed had entered the shop before him, and already was at one of the narrow counters, attempting to borrow money upon an article of which the aged Jew, behind the counter, was making a critical examination.

At a glance, Keene saw that the collateral offered was a small gold watch and chain, evidently one that might have belonged to a young boy.

Under the circumstances, which might have led to some hasty and decisive action on the part of a less clever officer, Sheridan Keene made one of his most brilliant moves.

He swaggered into the shop, looking more like a rough than the fellow at the counter, and drew from his pocket his pearlhandled clasp knife, as if he had entered for the purpose of pawning it.

At the same moment, the fellow in the topcoat apprehensively turned and looked at him. He seemed reassured, on observing Keene and his movements; but with a quick start he then noticed, over the detective's shoulder and through the dingy window, something outside that evidently greatly alarmed him.

That something was a burly patrolman of the city police, who was approaching down the opposite side of the street, evidently on the watch or in search for some one.

The fellow swung quickly round to the counter, as if about to reclaim the watch and attempt to make his escape; but the aged Jew had vanished into a small back room to subject the gold to a test.

For an instant the stranger faltered, turning very pale; then Sheridan Keene seized upon the chance which the opportunity offered. He sprang to the stranger's side with a friendly look in his dark eyes, and whispered quickly, with a shrewd display of that ready willingness with which the flash fraternity at times comes to one another's aid when an emergency arises:

"What's wrong, cully?"

A gleam like that of quickened hope rose in the fellow's eyes. He was about Keene's age and build, with smooth features, also; but a decidedly more desperate and repulsive cast of countenance.

"I am cornered like a rat!" he exclaimed, under his breath, and grasping like a drowning man at the aid Keene appeared ready to extend.

"How so?" demanded the detective.

"The cop out yonder!" was the hurried reply. "I thought I had shook him."

"What's the lay?"

"Case of lifting a watch."

"When and where?"

"Last night, on Beacon Street.

"Does the bluebottle know your face?"

"I guess not, but my clothes——"

Keene flashed a quick glance toward the street, then turned and caught the speaker by the shoulder.

"Come out of your coat and get into mine," he whispered hurriedly. "Give me your hat, also. I will fool the thick bluebottle for you. I will swear I found the swag. I can prove an alibi, and they will have to let me go. Quick, now, and get behind those rags on the pegs!"

The thief instantly grasped the idea, and came out of his coat like a flash, and went into that of Sheridan Keene. The entire change was effected in a moment, and while the detective was hurriedly explaining the ruse.

Then the stranger caught Keene by the hand, and whispered hurriedly, with much more genuine gratitude than elegance:

"So help me, God, I will not forget this! My name is Bill Varney. I will see you out of the scrape, if I hang for it! I'll be about, or one o' my pals, when you are run into court!"

"Good!" muttered Keene forcibly. "Quick—get under cover!"

Varney darted to the miscellaneous collection of coats, cloaks, and heavy garments, which hung suspended from pegs in the rear of the shop, and in a moment was effectively concealed behind them. The entire episode had required less than a minute, and the Jew was just returning.

As he came quite feebly back of the long counter, with his bleared eyes still studying the jewelry in his soiled and tremulous hand, Keene turned up the collar of the faded coat he had put on, and pulled the brown derby well over his brow.

"Well, what d'ye say?" he demanded, leaning over the counter, with his features drawn and distorted into an expression that quite turned his attractive face into that of a genuine ruffian. "Do I get the loan on it, or don't I? It is all on the dead level, old man; my word for it."

The Jew looked up, and showed some surprise on seeing only one customer where he remembered having left two; but his watery eyes had seen by far their best days, and he failed to notice that Keene was not the man who had tendered the watch for a loan.

"Where did the other party go who was here?" he demanded suspiciously, instead of replying to Keene's question.

"He went out!" cried the detective, with an angry growl. "D'ye think he'd hang around here all day, waiting for a shambling old fossil like you? Gimme the watch, if you don't want to lend on it. What d'ye take me for? Ain't you up against the real thing?"

With which display of anger and resentment Keene snatched the watch and chain from the Jew's hand, and glared at him across the counter like a man outrageously abused.

"For goodness gracious, mine friend!" exclaimed Rosnosky, throwing up his hands. "Vat's the matter?"

"Matter enough," angrily answered Keene, casting a quick glance at the open case of the watch. "Matter enough, d'ye see? You act as if you thought I'd lifted the thing, or cracked some crib to get it. If you don't want to lend me on it, say so and I'll——"

But then came the interruption for which Sheridan Keene had waited. The door of the shop was abruptly opened, and the burly figure of the officer whom Varney had feared came over the threshold.

"Oh, mine Gott!" cried the Jew, quickly addressing Keene, in accents of righteous protest. "I vouldn't lend on it! I vouldn't even think of it! If it vas all right I——"

But Sheridan Keene, with a still uglier distortion of his features, had hurriedly concealed the watch and was making for the door.

"Hold up, my man, I want you!" cried the officer, seizing Keene by the shoulder.

Sheridan Keene immediately saw that he was not recognized.

"What d'ye want o' me?" he cried, striving to break the officer's hold.

"None of that, now!" was the threatening rejoinder, and the patrolman snatched out his club. "You do what I tell you, or you'll see stars, do you hear? What are you trying to shove up?"

"None o' your business! I have a right——"

"Let me see what you have!" commanded the officer forcibly.

"No, I'll not! I——"

"Oh, you'll not! I'll see if you'll not!"

An immediate struggle ensued, which Sheridan Keene was purposely provoking; but within a minute the rugged policeman had thrown Keene into the chair, and dragged the watch from his pocket.

"Where did you get this, my man?" he demanded sternly.

"I found it," growled Keene resentfully, as he wiped the blood from a bruise on his cheek. "I found it in the street this morning."

"Oh, you did!" cried the patrolman, with derisive severity. "I have seen chaps like you, who get up early in the morning just to go and look for watches in the street, and prowl about late at night for the same reason. And go to theaters and public meetings, and to all such shows, just to pick up watches when other people drop them. Come, come, my fine fellow, you'll have a chance to tell the story in court. Come along with me!"

"I tell you I found it!" roared Keene, with a great display of angry bravado. "I'll not be run in for picking up a watch in the gutter. I will not——"

"You tell me what you'll do or not do, and I'll crack your nut as if 'twas a walnut. Shove up your hands, you rascal! Up with them!"

And without more ado, the burly policeman jerked the detective's hands together and clapped a pair of manacles around his wrists; while Keene's bruised and bleeding face was a picture of impotent rage and resentment.

The officer paused for a moment and examined the watch, then glared at the detective, who still was seated in the chair.

"So you are one of the Barton boy's abductors?" he cried sternly. "That is better than I had thought, though I have had an eye on you for an hour. Now, come along with me!"

Without further opposition or remonstrance, Sheridan Keene now allowed himself to be jerked forcibly to his feet and marched from the dingy old shop, his wrists confined, his head bowed, and with the fervid ejaculations of the excited Jew constantly sounding in his ears.

So disturbed, in fact, was Mr. Rosnosky by the incident, which he perhaps feared would reflect upon the character of his miserable old shop, that he followed the officer and his prisoner out upon the sidewalk, and even to the patrol-call box on the distant corner, voicing with characteristic gesticulations his protest all the way.

Meantime Mr. Bill Varney, very grateful and very exultant, and with a glowing admiration for the ostensible ruffian who had so boldly befriended him, stole from under cover and slipped out of the shop and away.

A little later, however, when his own danger was entirely removed, he might have been observed following the patrol wagon, even until he saw Sheridan Keene securely locked up.

CHAPTER III.

THE AIM IN VIEW.

In order to avoid recognition in quarters, where he well knew identity would immediately be discovered, Sheridan Keene constantly held his bloodstained handkerchief to his face, with the manacles still confining his wrists, until an opportunity came when he could get the eye and ear of the deputy then in charge, without general observation.

He was not kept long in suspense. Presently the deputy rose from his desk, and came out near the rail at which Keene was standing, as if about to summon the officer who had arrested him. Keene instantly sidled near him and interposed, giving him a quick, significant look and saying softly:

"Don't betray me, Briggs! I am Sheridan Keene. Run me into a cell and question later."

If the deputy was surprised, he did not betray it. He knew the eyes of his man the moment he saw them; and, vaulting the rail, he strode straight to the officer who had made the arrest.

"What is that man brought in for, Collins?" he demanded sharply.

"I caught him about pawning a watch," replied Officer Collins. "Here it is. It has the Barton boy's name in the case, the same who was kidnaped last night."

"Oh, ho!" exclaimed Briggs, taking the watch and chain from the patrolman's hand. "I know this fellow, and he is up to his old tricks, is he? Give me your key to the bracelets, officer. I will look into this matter a little later."

Though delays were out of the usual course, Collins could offer no objections, and the deputy instantly returned to Keene and unlocked the manacles, then tossed them with the key at the feet of the waiting officer. Before the latter had recovered from stooping to get them, the deputy had roughly thrust the detective through a side door near by, and into an anteroom adjoining a row of cells.

The moment they were alone, Briggs burst out laughing.

"Well, well, this is a rum go," he cried, staring at Keene's bruised face. "What queer game are you now working, Keene?"

"How do I look?" asked Keene dryly.

"As if you'd been on a bat."

"I feel so. That Collins must weigh fifteen stone, if he weighs an ounce. He handled me like a baby, and with as little mercy as a butcher. But I needs must put up the front of a tough, to blind a chap who witnessed it all, and I took my medicine like a nice little man. Some of it nearly stuck in my crop, though."

"But what is it all about, Keene?"

"Oh, I don't mind telling you, for I know I can trust you. But I wasn't dead sure of Collins; he's new to me, and the boot's not all on one leg, I take it. I will let you into the whole thing when Chief Watts arrives here. I want you to call him up on the quiet, and keep me under cover until he comes."

"Is this ticker in the case?" asked Briggs, who now vaguely began to see light through the darkness.

"Yes," nodded Keene; "and be sure you hang on to it. I have struck the trail of the knaves who kidnaped the Barton boy, I think; but I must follow it up in my own way. It might have been time next to wasted, and an opportunity lost, to have arrested only the chap with the watch. But Collins was after him, and had him as good as nipped, only for me."

"Only for you!" exclaimed the deputy, with amazement. "And what did you do?"

"Oh, I slipped the fly rascal into my coat, and myself into his, and let Collins arrest me instead," Keene explained, with a grimace. "That's why I am here, Briggs, and so tastefully decorated. Now, dear fellow, get rid of Collins for me in any old way, and send down for the chief to come up here. I have a plan to submit to him, pending the consideration of which you'll kindly say nothing of me or of this case."

Briggs laughed long and deeply, as the truth came home to him in a general way.

"Yes, you can trust to my discretion, Keene," he rejoined, with a series of friendly little nods. "I will send Collins back to his beat, and cover the irregularity in some way. Then I'll dispatch an officer with a note to Chief Watts. How will that do, old man?"

"Bang up!" said Keene approvingly.

"I will lock you up, meantime, to preclude your being observed, and to prevent your escape," laughed the deputy. "Will you have the morning paper?"

"If you can toss one in unnoticed."

"Leave that to me."

The message sent to headquarters brought Chief Watts in person about a half hour later. The note had reached him just after his interview with Mr. Calvin Barton, and subsequent to the latter's departure for home. It had contained no definite information of the occasion for Sheridan Keene's unusual request, and both the surprise and satisfaction of Chief Inspector Watts were great when he heard the detective's story, and immediately surmised the motives by which he had been actuated.

"Yet you have taken quite a chance, Keene," he gravely observed, as they sat alone discussing the situation somewhat later.

"Do you really think so, chief?"

"I do, indeed. This fellow Varney may now give us the slip entirely."

"But was it not better, chief, to have taken this chance, than to have arrested Varney then and there?" asked Sheridan Keene. "In that case, we should have had only one of the probable gang of kidnapers who are guilty of stealing this Barton child, and it is long odds that Varney would have revealed nothing, and that the others would have hurriedly cut away, and most likely have taken the lad along with them, even if they did not do him up entirely."

"That is true, in a measure."

'As the matter now stands, however, I have made a good impression upon Varney, or a bad one that may work for good," argued Keene. "I have made a friend of him, I am sure, and I feel equally certain that he will make some kind of an attempt to pull me out of the scrape, into which he imagines I deliberately plunged for his sake. There is considerable loyalty among this class of scoundrels, Chief Watts, after all."

"Your idea, then, is to sustain the character you have assumed, and through cultivating Varney's friendship, run down the whole gang and recover the boy, is it?"

"That's it, precisely, chief," nodded Keene; "if in some apparently natural way, which will not tend to awaken Varney's suspicion, I can regain the liberty he believes I have lost."

"That can be accomplished."

"In that case, I think Varney would lay to make friends with me, and that I ultimately can work him so as to get in touch with his confederates and finally recover the boy. Don't you think it is worth trying?"

Knowing Sheridan Keene as he did, and having a high estimation of his sagacity and ability, Chief Watts readily assented.

"Yes, I do think so," he replied, thoughtfully. "I am not inclined to disparage your plan, Detective Keene, particularly as it thus far has been so admirably executed. I am considering how we can turn you loose again without creating suspicion and alarm in the mind of Varney."

"Why not have me brought before the court in the ordinary way," suggested Keene; "and have it quietly prearranged that, after the hearing, I shall effect my escape from the prisoner's dock in some way."

"You would be recognized in court, I fear," Chief Inspector Watts replied; "and then the truth might leak out, and possibly come to Varney's ears."

"I think a recognition could be prevented, even without a disguise, which, of course, would not do in this case," Keene replied. "That is one reason why I provoked Collins into banging me up so severely. In my present garb, with my features well patched up with plaster, and given such unnatural distortion as I may see fit to adopt, I think I can safely hazard recognition.

"If it were possible, it would simplify things very much," said Chief Watts, yet not without some misgivings. "Of course, we can let you escape from here, but that would at once be thought suspicious."

"It wouldn't do at all," said Keene, shaking his head. "This Varney is not a fool, I know by his looks. He more likely is a bold and desperate fellow, who will himself take a chance to even up things with me. I infer that from what he said in the shop of the pawnbroker. Now, if I can run the gantlet of the court room, and then break away, I feel sure Varney and I will come together. The rest should be easy, chief, for the fact that he had the Barton boy's watch evidently connects him in some way with the boy's abductors."

"I do not quite understand why he was in such haste to pawn the watch, however," Chief Watts remarked thoughtfully.

"Nor I, chief, as far as that goes."

"But that is of secondary importance, however," was the reply. "I have been revolving your plan in mind, Keene, and I think we will adopt it. I will lay the whole thing before the district attorney, and so adjust the details with him, and possibly with the court, that at least some semblance of a trial shall be had, for the purpose of blinding Varney and giving color to this curious part you are playing. I will decide later how your ostensible escape may best be effected."

"Meantime, chief, I think I had better be confined here in the usual way, if I am to be brought before the court to-morrow morning."

"The sooner the better, I think."

"So do I."

"I will give further color to the thing," added Chief Watts, "by telling the reporters that one of the gang guilty of kidnaping the boy has been arrested. The story, with all the evidence, will go into the evening papers, and will probably be read by the scoundrels."

"No doubt of it, chief, and that is a good idea."

"Moreover, there will be a good many drunks before the municipal court in the morning, as a result of to-night's celebration, and I will plan for your escape in some way from the dock. I will come around to you later, when the details are all arranged."

"I shall be here, chief," laughed Keene, who was eager to continue the project he had so impulsively and brilliantly inaugurated. "By the way, what do you say is the name of Barton's stepbrother?"

"David Barton."

"Have you wired to Oregon concerning him, may I ask?"

"Yes, I have," replied Chief Watts, rising. "I want his record, if I can get it, and to trace him from there, if possible, assuming that I am right in my suspicions. I will ascertain, also, the name of the man his mother ran off with, and inform you. It may be well for you to know these details should you succeed in working yourself into touch with this gang of social wolves."

"I think I shall succeed, chief!" exclaimed Keene, with a decisive head shake. "Surely, with your help."

"We will try it, at all events," rejoined Chief Watts, extending his hand. "I will see you again before night, and then will fully inform you."

It was the first day and night that Sheridan Keene ever spent in custody, even though voluntarily; but, under the hazardous circumstances, the thought of venturing out upon the street was not to be considered.

CHAPTER IV.

SHERIDAN KEENE IN THE PRISONER'S DOCK.

It is said that birds of a feather flock together, and that a man may be known by the company he keeps. Possibly, in the truth of these aphorisms may be found one reason why Sheridan Keene, with no other disguise than a blacked eye, a well-patched cheek, and such facial distortion as he was eminently capable of producing, was able to evade recognition in the municipal court next morning, and execute the artful ruse which he and Chief Inspector Watts had carefully planned.

As nobody, except the few necessarily let into the secret, expected to see such a man as Sheridan Keene amid the array of drunks and petty malefactors filling the municipal dock that morning, nobody even thought of looking for him there, or identifying him with the vicious-looking and desperately battered young ruffian still in the faded topcoat, and carrying a brown derby in one of his soiled hands.

Yet Sheridan Keene kept well out of sight amid the motley crowd of prisoners until his case was called, which Chief Watts had insured should be one of the first on the docket. Then Keene sullenly entered the prisoner's dock, obedient to an officer's command, where he stood with shoulders sloped and head half hanging, and his face a repulsive picture of vice, resentfully confronted by justice.

The routine of preliminaries, the clerk's reading of the charge, and the testimony of Officer Collins, were speedily ended; and not until then did the magistrate deign even to glance at the prisoner.

The great crowd of spectators, however, were displaying an eager interest in him. The newspapers of that morning and the previous evening had contained effective stories of the arrest of one of the abductors of the Barton boy, and the very general sympathy augmented the crowd which morbid curiosity invariably brings into the municipal court each morning. That Keene's artful assumption was decidedly effective, moreover, was manifest in the general disgust and aversion with which he was regarded.

It was nearly half past ten when the assistant district attorney rose to question Keene; and the inquiries, though, of course, the fact was not generally known, were conducted on a line already planned, and calculated to end the hearing as quickly as should be consistent with the aims in view. That Varney, or some of his confederates, would be in the court room, none of those informed were inclined to doubt.

"Why have you pleaded not guilty to this charge, prisoner?" the attorney at once demanded sternly. "Don't you realize your situation, and that the evidence against you is almost conclusive? Why don't you tell the whole truth at once, and mitigate your punishment by a confession, and by giving the information which will enable the officers to recover the Barton boy? It will be the wisest step you can take."

"I dunno nothing about the Barton boy," growled Sheridan Keene, glaring across at the attorney under his bent brows. "I have told you the truth, and you can take it for what you think it is worth."

"Do you mean to assert that you found this watch on Beacon Street last Tuesday evening?" cried the attorney.

"That's just what I mean, and just what I did," was the surly rejoinder.

"Were you alone when you found it?"

"Aye, I was."

"Why did you not advertise for the owner, like an honest man?"

"The owner'd no business to lose it, and I had a better use for it," said Keene, with hangdog frankness. "I told Jim Gibson that night where I'd found it, and what I was going to do with it. He'll say the same thing, if you ain't so stuck on making me do time that you don't want to question him."

"We'll hear later what your friend Mr. Gibson has to say," returned the attorney, frowning. "Where do you live when at home?"

"Over in South Boston, on Cove Street."

"How long have you been living there?"

"Only a little while. About a month."

"Where were you last Tuesday evening, between eight and ten?"

"In three or four places here in town," said Keene, with steady sullenness. "I was around with Gibson——"

"May it please your honor," Chief Watts here interposed, rising from a chair in the inclosure, "I have investigated the statements this man has made, and I find that he has told the truth to some extent. I have learned beyond doubt, where he was most of Tuesday evening, and I am satisfied he personally had no hand in kidnaping the Barton boy. To that extent he has established a satisfactory alibi. The fact that he was arrested with the Barton boy's watch in his possession, and about to pawn it, connects him so directly with the parties guilty of the lad's abduction, however, that I respectfully submit that he should be held in custody, pending my further investigations."

This interposition on the part of the dignified chief of the detective service appeared to have much weight with the magistrate. He bowed gravely, casting another glance at the prisoner, then said to the attorney:

"Is the witness, Gibson, in court?"

"Yes, your honor," was the reply.

"Have him take the stand."

At a sign from the court clerk, a roughly clad man readily came forward and took a position in the witness box. He was, however, one of the city inspectors, made up for the part he had been instructed to play.

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Gibson?" the judge personally asked, gravely addressing the witness.

"Yes, your honor, I do," the inspector replied, with a quick headshake.

"How long have you known him?"

"Only a week or two, your honor. He hasn't lived about here very long; but what I have seen of him has been all right enough."

"Does he live near you?"

"He lodges in the same house, your honor."

"What is your vocation, Mr. Gibson?"

"I am a molder, your honor."

"Were you in the company of the prisoner during the most of Tuesday evening last?"

"All of it, your honor. From the time we had supper till near midnight."

"What were you doing?"

"We came over from South Boston to go to the theater, your honor; but we got broke buying a few drinks, so didn't go. We were in several places, as I have proved to the chief inspector, your honor."

"Do you know anything more about the prisoner, Mr. Gibson, than what he has personally told you?"

"No, your honor, I don't, as far as that goes," Gibson slowly replied, with a glance across at Keene's evil-looking countenance.

"That is all, Mr. Gibson," said the judge, signing him from the stand.

All this was being enacted solely to give color to the genuineness of the inquiry, and to establish for Sheridan Keene a character which should appeal the more strongly to Varney and his confederates, in event that the detective subsequently was able to come in contact with them.

"Have you anything more to say for yourself, prisoner, or of this case?" the judge now demanded, turning to Keene and sternly regarding him.

"I have said all I can say, your honor, unless I lie about it," replied Keene, with a surly upward glance at the judge's face.

The magistrate called the attorney and Chief Watts to the bench, and for five or ten minutes a whispered conversation was held. At the end of that time the two men withdrew, and presently the clerk of the court arose and said, with curt brevity:

"The prisoner is committed without bail. Remove him, officer!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT EGGS.

Ostriches lay the largest eggs of all birds now extant, but the ostrich's egg would have appeared small beside that extinct Madagascar bird, the epyornis, which measured more than thirty inches in its smallest circumference. The smallest birds' eggs are those of the minute species of hummingbirds, which are smaller than the eggs of certain kinds of tropical beetles. But the cuckoo lays the relatively smallest egg. That is to say, while the jackdaw and the cuckoo are about equal in size, the former's egg is five or six times larger than the latter's. The fact that the cuckoo is wont to deposit its eggs in the nests of birds which are usually much smaller than itself doubtless accounts for this. The relatively largest egg is laid by the kiwi, a strange, wingless New Zealand bird. The egg is no less than five inches long, although the extreme length of the bird itself is only twenty-seven inches.

Reptiles' eggs are not very attractive objects. In the case of crocodiles and many kinds of tortoises they are pale-colored or white, and resemble those of birds in shape. But the egg of the gopher tortoise is remarkable for its complete roundness. It might well be mistaken for a golf ball. Many snakes' eggs are soft-skinned, brown as to color, and look for all the world like a number of new potatoes. The eggs of fishes are usually small, soft, and inconspicuous. The most remarkable point about them is the extraordinary number laid by the individual. A single cod lays as many as 9,000,000 eggs.

Sharks lay eggs which are large in size, few as to numbers, and are deposited singly instead of in masses. These eggs consist of a dark-colored leathery envelope, and are usually adorned with frills, horns, or long-twisted tendrils. These appendages serve the purpose of keeping the egg case supported among the branches of seaweed, thus preserving the embryo from the damage it would sustain were the egg carried hither and thither by the waves.

WHAT THE SUN PROVIDES US WITH.

By JOHN R. CORYELL.

What does the sun give us? Why, that is no kind of a conundrum. Light and heat, of course. Light enough; but how does the sun give us light and heat? Since it was more than Sir Isaac Newton could do to find that out, you need not be ashamed to give it up, though, perhaps, you may be tempted to guess at it.

In the first place, the sun is a globe of fire. A very big globe, and a very hot fire, so hot that if this little earth of ours were by chance to fall into it, it would burn us up, earth and all, as if we were but a grain of powder in a kitchen range. And this is not theory, but demonstrated fact. Why, they have even gone so far as to weigh the sun and take its measure. They know what it burns in that hot fire, and they know a great deal more; but, after all, what they do not know would make a bigger book than what they do know.

I might tell you how these marvelous things were discovered and proved, and you would be most surprised at the clearness of the reasoning and the simplicity of the methods by which all these facts were established; but we may be satisfied with what an investigation of light and heat will teach us.

A man whose eye should come into sudden and violent contact with the closed fist of Mr. Jack Johnson, might with truth declare—after a sufficient lapse of time to enable him to express himself at all—that he had seen stars. Now, there may not seem to be any connection between Mr. Johnson's astronomical labors and the matter under discussion; and yet there is an intimate connection.

The man whose eye encountered the aforesaid closed hand did not really see stars, but he did see flashes of light caused by the sudden pressure on the retina of the eye. The sun is in the place of Mr. Johnson, and sends out from itself a constant succession of waves, which, striking the retina, produces the sensation of light. These waves are very tiny, of course, and measure from one-thirty-thousandth to one-sixty-thousandth of an inch in length. They are supposed to be produced by the agitation caused by the vibrating atoms; just as you might make waves in a pond by moving your finger in it.

That is the way the sun gives us light; but it may astonish you to learn that the same wave which brings you light does not bring you heat. Heat comes riding to us on an entirely different set of waves. The two sets of waves come in company, but are as distinct as black and white; and just as you get no heat from the light waves, so you get no light from the heat waves. And these facts are true not only of the sun, but of any luminous and hot body.

These facts will be better understood when they are demonstrated, and although experiments made before your eyes would be most convincing, a verbal explanation may suffice for the present. Professor John Tyndall, one of the most clear, logical, and simple in style of scientists, has made a number of beautiful experiments to establish these facts, and we may, without shame, submit to follow him.

Instead of the sunlight an electric light is used as more convenient. The object is to separate the light waves from the heat waves, because if you can get the light waves by themselves it will be very easy to test them and find out if they contain heat, while, on the other hand, you may also find out how much light there is in the heat waves. At the same time the experiment, if successful, will prove that there are such things as light and heat waves.

If you will place a rod of iron and a rod of wood in the fire you will learn, among other matters, that iron is a good conductor of heat, and wood a poor conductor. Glass, you may have noticed, is a good conductor of light, while wood is a very poor conductor. There are three substances which are good and bad conductors for light and heat. What, if by chance, we should find a substance which would admit light, but not heat through it, and another substance which would transmit heat but not light!

We have precisely such substances. Iodine dissolved in bisulphide of carbon will conduct heat, but not the faintest glimmer of light; while a solution of alum in water will conduct light, but not heat. Now darken the room, turn on the electric light, and concentrate the rays by means of a focusing mirror, which is exactly the same in principle as concentrating the sun's rays by a burning-glass.

Put a piece of guncotton at the focus. Puff! it goes burned up. Now put your solution of alum between the light and the focus. The focus is still visible there, for the light is not cut off any more than it was before. Now put a piece of guncotton at the focus. No puff. The guncotton is still there. Now put your iodine mixture in the line of light. The light is cut off, and we cannot see our focus, but we know where it is, and we place the cotton there. Puff! it is gone.

Can there be any argument here? Is not the result conclusive of the statements made? And yet how simple are the methods employed, how clear and unanswerable the logic by which the really wonderful knowledge is gained. And yet simple as the means are, easy as it is to follow in the footsteps of the man of science, the few facts which we have taken but a few moments to jot down are the result of generations of thinking and experimenting. First, one step would be secured; then would follow groping in the dark; then another step, then more groping until the patient worker, reaching the top at last, could grasp the light and turn it down the toilsome way, now made light and easy for the merest child who would but turn his face lightward.

BIG BLAZES WHICH HAVE COST MILLIONS.

The terrible fire at the Brussels Exhibition, at which $20,000,000 worth of damage was done, was but one of many outbreaks which have occurred during the last half century. On June 22, 1861, a great fire broke out at Cotton's Wharf, Tooley Street, in London, and continued burning for a month. Over twenty persons lost their lives, and the damage was estimated at $10,000,000.

The year 1882 has been described as "the year of fires," and the Wood Street fire, which broke out on December 18, was probably the biggest of them all. It burned for forty-eight hours, and property to the value of $10,000,000 sterling was destroyed. In the same year Whiteley's, in Westbourne Grove, was the scene of two fires, one occurring on November 17, when property to the value of $500,000 was destroyed. Another terrible shop fire was that which occurred one Christmas at the premises of Messrs. Arding & Hobbs, at Clapham Junction. The building was absolutely demolished, and several lives were lost.

At the great Paternoster Row fire, which occurred on April 2, 1884, the flames spread with great rapidity, and those who witnessed it will remember how the dome of St. Paul's was brilliantly illuminated. More than a dozen warehouses were destroyed.

Two terrible outbreaks occurred in 1889. Damage to the extent of $125,000 was done at the Milton Street fire on May 6, and twenty lads lost their lives at the Forest Gate Industrial School blaze.

A remarkable fire was that which took place at Queen Victoria Street on December 30, 1890. The weather was terribly severe, and the firemen became incased from helmets to boots in coats of glasslike mail, the sprays from the nozzles quickly turning to ice. Next morning the ruins presented a most picturesque appearance, being coated with millions of icicles. At the St. Mary Axe fire of 1893 damage was done to the extent of $250,000.

It is probable that the fire which burned down the Olympic Theater in 1849 was the most rapid conflagration on record. It began at five-thirty, and the theater was in ruins at six. Many readers will doubtless remember the fire at Spurgeon's Tabernacle when that building was burned down in a very short space of time. The alarm was given just before one o'clock, and in less than a hundred minutes the tabernacle was entirely in ruins.

The great Chicago fire of 1871 was one of the most destructive ever known. The fire was caused by a cow, which was being milked, kicking over a kerosene lamp, which then exploded, and, scattering the burning oil, set fire to some hay and straw. In nineteen hours from the time of the cow kicking over the lamp the fire had destroyed 2,124 acres, or nearly three and a third square miles, containing 17,400 buildings, the homes of nearly 100,000 persons. Damage was done to the extent of $290,000,000.

The most serious colliery fire ever known in Britain was undoubtedly that which broke out at the Tawd Valley Mine, near Preston, in 1872. Thousands of dollars were spent in trying to get the flames under control, but they overcame everything and consumed some millions of tons of coal. A wall ten feet in thickness was built round the affected parts, but the heat cracked the masonry and brought it down as fast as it was rebuilt.

However, in 1897, the River Tawd overflowed its banks and came pouring down into the mine. No fire could withstand such an immense volume of water hurled upon it, and, although the flames extended for five hundred yards, they were quenched after having raged for a quarter of a century.

ORIGINAL IDEAS.

There was a novel equipage at a marriage at Calais, in France, the bridegroom arriving in a gaily decorated coster's barrow drawn by his best man, with his "second" pushing behind and a dog harnessed beneath. After the wedding the bride and bridegroom drove through the boulevards in this vehicle, the event creating a great deal of merriment.

It is said that many of the curiosity shops planted in the back streets of most of the small towns in England are kept up by large London firms, who, from a prolonged study of human nature, have discovered that people who are shy of buying old furniture or old silver in the West End of London are ready and eager purchasers of precisely the same objects at a rather higher price when they come upon them in the back streets of a country town.

In few of the affairs of life does the Englishman display such a lack of originality as in the choice of a name for his house. In Holland they do this thing much better. A recent traveler in that land of dykes and windmills has noted the names bestowed by the Dutch merchants upon their country houses. Here are a few examples, translated: "Our Contentment," "Joy and Peace," "Leisure and Happiness," "My Desire is Satisfied," "Friends and Quiet," "My Wife and I," "Not so Bad."

ARTISTIC FLOWERS MADE BY JAPANESE.

For a number of years the greater part of Japanese artificial flowers imported into England were imitations of cherry and peach blossoms, bought by people in this country for use in decorating rooms done in Oriental style. As this industry was, however, rather limited, the ingenious Japs decided to imitate the Western flowers as well, and in this they have succeeded admirably.

The rose is, of course, the favorite. The particular species the Japanese have chosen to imitate are the William Allan Richardson, Gloire de Dijon, and the ordinary moss rose. An exquisite white species, called the Kaiserin, also affords an opportunity for Japanese artistry to exercise its genius.

While the statement may seem incredible, it is, nevertheless, true that the Japanese imitations of roses are so perfect as practically to defy detection. The Japanese process is something like this:

From the stems of shrubs abounding in Japan the pith is taken and passed through certain chemicals capable of preserving it indefinitely. Later, this is shaved off in pieces no thicker than a rose's petal, dented carefully into shape, and then colored. In combining these petals great care and exactness are observed; nor is the scent, regarded by the Japanese as the spirit of the flower, overlooked. The majority of these artificial roses have quite a delectable perfume, exactly corresponding to that of the real flower.

These imitation roses are used for decorative purposes in the home; they are never seen adorning hats and gowns. Many a drawing-room, however, shows them in exquisite porcelain or silver vases, and to the casual observer they are no other than real flowers. The cost of such imitation roses is about sixty cents each.

The Japanese imitation violets are made of pith too small to be used for the making of rose petals. Their manipulation is equally clever, and they, too, are scented. The stems are wrapped in purple tinfoil and tied at the top with a cord and tassel of the same shade. With many of these violets there are no leaves whatever; and therefore nothing to pin the faith to as to whether they are imitations or not. Frequently such a bunch of violets may be seen lying on a table in some fashionable drawing-room, and as frequently exclamations may be heard as to their beauty.

They are especially in demand for wear while motoring, inasmuch as the real flower is soon withered by the wind. Under an evening wrap, too, they sustain any amount of pressing, and they are not in the least, as real violets are, apt to lose their scent.

It is a curious fact that the imitation chrysanthemums, the irises, the wistaria, the cherry and plum blossoms sent us from Japan and modeled after the native species are not made with the same perfection attending the representation of the foreign roses and violets. They cost about the same.

BRITTANY'S GREAT FISHING INDUSTRY.

Holiday makers in "dear, delightful Brittany" return home to speak of its quaint, picturesque people, steeped in folklore and old-time superstitions; but they usually overlook the fact that Bretons are the most brave, hardy, and competent fisher folk in the world. In the proper seasons, for instance, 6,000 men are engaged in cod fishing and 25,000 to 30,000 in sardine fishing. In addition, much trade is done in oysters, shrimps, tunny, mackerel, and lobsters, while in some years as much as $1,000,000 worth of seaweed has been collected, taken inland, and either spread on the land as a fertilizer or dried and burned to produce soda and iodine.

There are 4,000 oyster-growing establishments around the coast of Brittany, from which in twelve months as many as 135,000,000 oysters have been collected. Sardine fishing, however, forms the chief industry. In an average season the Brittany sardine fishermen catch 100,000,000 pounds to 150,000,000 pounds of sardines, for which they receive anything from $1,500,000 to $3,000,000, while the shore industries, dependent upon this fishery, give employment to 20,000 other persons, mostly women and girls. So important is the sardine that in many communities in Brittany every person is directly or indirectly supported by it, and the failure of the fish to come means ruin, starvation, and death to many people in the more isolated places.

Sardines are found on the coast of Brittany throughout the year, but flourish in greater abundance in summer and autumn. As many as 100,000 have been taken at one time in one net from one school. One remarkable feature of sardine fishing in Brittany is the enormous amount of bait which is used. The bait in general use is the salted eggs of the codfish, and it is estimated that the Breton fishermen pay $350,000 every year to Norway for cod roe for use as bait.

The casting of the bait, on the proper use of which a great deal of the success of the fishing depends, is always done by the captain of the boat, who stands on a little platform in the stern and, while directing the movements of the boat and the manipulation of the net, throws the bait to attract the fish to the surface and around the boat. When the fish are on one side of the net or on the other, his next move is to cast the bait in such a way as to cause them to rush against the net and thus become gilled.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

The cool, calm cucumber may owe its phlegmatic disposition to early associations, for it was introduced into England four hundred years ago by the Dutch. Persians and Russians eat it as fruit, and find it improves the complexion.

Trolleys with trailers run to trains two hundred feet long in and around Cologne, in Germany.

In the Seychelles Islands they maintain parks for the rearing of tortoises, whose shells are by no means vanished from the lists of commerce. London and Paris took a ton of them from the Seychelles last year and paid a neat sum of $14,000 for the crop—seven dollars a pound in the rough.

Frederick the Great had his grenadiers, but the London police force is going him a little better in the matter of size. The recruits taken on average six feet one-half inch in height, with a thirty-seven-and-one-half-inch chest measurement.

They start the bride right in Korea; she is not permitted to say a solitary word on her wedding day.

The oats crop in western Canada this year covered more than 5,000,000 acres.

Off Cape Horn lie the Falkland Islands; their chief claim to distinction is that there are five men to two women of their population.

The Chinese can lay claim to the invention of the treadmill; they used it first for raising water.

Ireland isn't doing so badly in the live-stock business, her acres carrying 4,500,000 head of cattle.

Diamonds worth more than $5,000,000 represent the exportation of a single month from Capetown, South Africa, and, at that nobody felt the diamond mines were doing a rushing business.

The threshing machine has now lightened the farmer's labor for a period of 180 years. Michael Menzies, in Edinburgh, in 1732, became disgusted with the flail and decided that men's muscles could be employed to better advantage; the threshing machine was his answer to the problem.

It has take nature, according to some careful scientific estimates, about 8,000,000 years to make the coal that will be burned this winter; it has taken man about a century to burn so much of it that he's beginning to worry over what he'll cook and warm up with when it's all gone.

London, for all its wealth, population, and familiar night life, has only just awakened to the convenience of the all-night bank. It's going to have a night-banking system now.

THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS.

Return from Expedition With Valuable Specimens.

Doctor Theodore Lyman, of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy of Harvard College, and N. Hollister, of the division of Mammals of the National Museum, who have been for four months on a zoölogical expedition to the Altai Mountains, Siberia, and Mongolia, have returned to the United States with a large collection of mammals and birds and specimens of the large sheep of the Altai Mountain region. The expedition was organized by the National Museum, and carried out in conjunction with the museum at Harvard. The collection will be divided between these two institutions.

Doctor Lyman and Mr. Hollister sailed from New York May 22, going by way of London, St. Petersburg, the Siberian Railway, and the Obi River to Biisk. They then journeyed south to the last Siberian outpost, Kosh-Agatch, where the real trip into northern Mongolia was begun. A guide, five native Kalmuke, and a train of fourteen horses were taken along.

This Boy Ran Away to be President.

From a poor boy in Saco, Me., to President of the United States is a long cry, but twelve-year-old Peter Sterling has set his shoulder to the wheel and is on his way. At least, he was on his way until recently, and had got as far as State Street, Boston, when the police mixed in the game and Peter started back to Saco, still hopeful and determined.

Peter rejoices in a name like that made famous by the late Paul Leicester Ford, the novelist. Peter Stirling was the hero of Ford's book, a character believed to have been suggested by President Cleveland. This young Peter spells Sterling with an E.

He has been living with John Garland, his guardian, in Saco. He determined to become president, so ran away and made his way to Boston. He sought out an aunt, Christian Sterling, who lives in Medford, but she advised him to go back home.

Peter didn't. He got work in a State Street telegraph office. There the police of station 2 found him. Peter admitted his identity and frankly explained his aims. He wanted the police to let him alone and he would make good, he promised. But they had to turn him over to his guardian. He says he will be president yet.

Shooting from Aeroplane.

Experience with a Maxim gun mounted on a biplane are being conducted by the military authorities, trials being made while flying in firing at another aëroplane below, represented by canvas targets spread on the ground. The authorities are very reticent regarding the results, but it is stated that considerable success has been achieved in hitting targets from heights varying up to 3,000 feet.

Arizona Great Copper State.

Arizona has a recorded production of 3,494,333,111 pounds of copper, or 21.38 per cent of the total output of the United States since mining began. In 1911 Arizona produced 303,202,532 pounds of blister copper, as compared with 297,250,538 pounds in 1910. This is the largest output in the history of the State, according to B. S. Butler, of the United States geological survey, and continues Arizona in first place among the copper-producing States.

Army Official Says Horse Will Stay

That the time has not yet come for the horse to pass into obscurity on account of the automobile was brought out recently at the International Live Stock Exposition, at the stockyards, in Chicago.

The horse may pass out of every other business, but he will never be supplanted in the army," said Major General William H. Carter, who has just assumed command of the central division of the army at Chicago. "I probably have made every experiment possible with the automobile in its use for army service, and my conclusion is that it will never be able to do the work now being done by the horse."

"The horse soon will be restored to his former importance," said Professor Carl Gay, of the department of animal husbandry of the University of Pennsylvania. "The automobile is becoming so common that fashionable people are already going back to the horses and soon we shall see again the landau or closed carriage with handsome livery and pair."

Bottle Taken from Ocean After 23 Years.

A bottle containing a message purporting to have been cast overboard in mid-Atlantic by a passenger on the Hamburg liner *Dugia,* 23 years ago, was picked up near the mouth of the Quilla Yute River, 30 miles south of Cape Slattery by G. V. Hobucket, of Mora, Wash. The note, which was yellow with age, said:

"Tossed overboard on the Hamburg-American line steamship *Rugia* on the sixteenth of October on the way from Hamburg to New York. Whoever picks this up please report to the nearest newspaper and oblige the writer. October 16, 10 a. m., 1889."

Invents New Target.

A lieutenant in the Nineteenth Hussars, England, has invented a new form of target, which, it is claimed, will make the shooting of the British soldiers more efficient in a much shorter time than is now taken, and will also effect a great saving in ammunition. The apparatus, which is designated for use in drill hall or barrack room, is a lifelike representation of a rifle range, the targets being changeable and drawn to scale, so that by the use of dummy cartridges men can be practiced in firing at exactly the same targets as on the actual range.

King Edward's Terrier to Have Statue.

All London was concerned recently when it was learned that "Cæsar," the late King Edward's favorite wire-haired terrier, was ill.

Cæsar assumed a conspicuous place at his royal master's funeral. The dog's ailment became known when the Dowager Queen Alexandra, who has kept the terrier constantly with her since the king's death, commissioned Sir George Frampton, the sculptor, to execute a marble statue of Cæsar.

It was said that Queen Alexandra was convinced that Cæsar's illness would prove fatal, and she wanted the statue for his grave. He is the only dog in Great Britain which has the distinction of being exempt from the rigid dog quarantine laws, and took advantage of his privilege when he several times accompanied Queen Alexandra on visits to Denmark.

Cæsar moped about the palace and would not be comforted when King Edward died.

Loses Foolish Wager and Life.

John Bush, of Carmi, Ill., recently wagered that he could drink 12 glasses of beer and 12 of whisky in 10 minutes. He drank seven of each and died in the evening.

McGraw on Marquard's Big Talk.

John J. McGraw, manager of the Giants, referring to Rube Marquard's remarks that he will hold out for a $10,000 contract next year, said:

"That kind of talk makes me tired. Marquard hasn't done himself or the New York Ball Club any good by his actions this winter.

"His declaration that he won't sign unless he gets $10,000 a year is foolishness. He is signed for three years now, and he'll report on time just like all the other players next spring. And concerning his statement that I did not want to use him in the world's series because I was afraid his pitching would justify his demands for a salary increase I have this to say: I offered him two chances and he took them, and he won both of these games. Then I put it up to him to pitch the third game, but he said he did not care to go in."

Condemn Water Troughs.

The Murray Hill Business Men's Association has started a campaign to give the horses of New York individual drinking cups to prevent the spread of the horse's greatest plague, the glanders. Resolutions adopted have been sent to the veterinary division of the health department.

Among other things they call for an ordinance requiring every horse-drawn vehicle, to carry a separate and distinctly marked pail for the use of the horses. They also demand that in place of drinking troughs there be simple water pipes with faucets from which drinking water for horses may be drawn by the individual pailful.

New Motor Vacuum Road Cleaner.

The first demonstration in England of the new motor vacuum road-cleaning machine, the invention of an Italian engineer, took place at Southport, recently.

The machine has from 20 to 30 horse power, and a four-cylinder motor engine. The sweeping mechanism consists of a cylindrical brush composed of a series of small brushes, which revolves in a sheet iron shell in the opposite direction to that of the wheels of the car. The speed at which the brush rotates creates enough draft to collect by suction all the dust and deposit it in a receiver.

The machine picked up wooden blocks and broken bricks, and, it is said, that it can deal similarly with bottles and stones up to nine pounds in weight.

Honor Tigers' Trainer.

Princeton's senior class has elected Keene Fitzpatrick, trainer and overseer of the Tiger athletics, to its body as an honorary member, the first honor of its kind to be conferred by any senior class of old Nassau. Mr. Fitzpatrick came to Princeton in the fall of 1910, and at once won his way into the hearts of the undergraduate body. The celebration of the football championship last year was somewhat eclipsed by the continuous ovation accorded Princeton's trainer. His skill with athletes was attested by the consistently good physical condition of the football men and the phenomenal success of the track team in his first year.

Noted Acrobat Dies.

Suffering from an affliction due to the repeated shocks received in an acrobatic act, Walter Porter, for a lifetime connected with the Barnum & Bailey Circus, died at Bridgeport, Conn., recently. He was the originator of the double somersault over elephants and creator of the famous Melrose troupe of acrobats. His death is ascribed to the continued feat of catching upon his shoulders the uppermost in a human pyramid. The repeated blows on the spinal column developed paralysis.

Brooklyn Navy Yard Still in Lead With Construction Work.

The Brooklyn Navy Yard led all competitors in battleship construction, advancing the *New York* 3.2 per cent toward completion, so that she now stands 65.7 per cent finished. Work on the other battleships being built in commercial yards was as follows: *Texas,* 1.5 per cent, total 80.7; *Nevada,* 2.2 per cent, total 12.3; *Oklahoma,* 1.9 per cent, total 11.2. Of nine torpedo-boat destroyers now building, the *Henley* is the nearest completion, its percentage being 99.3. The submarine torpedo boat *F4* is 94.6 per cent completed, and probably will be the first of fifteen similar craft now building to be in commission.

"The excellent character of workmanship" of ship machinery made in the Brooklyn Navy Yard received high praise from Rear Admiral H. I. Cone, chief of the bureau of steam engineering of the navy department, in his annual report. Admiral Cone reported that the speed of the *Florida,* whose machinery was built in the Brooklyn yard, on her official trials "exceeded that of her sister ship, the *Utah,* which was built by contract and from the same plans." He said the construction of that machinery had demonstrated further the fact that a well-equipped navy yard could build machinery at a cost that compared favorably with that of similar machinery built by contract.

Promise Huge Crop for this Year.

Initial report of the acreage and condition of the winter wheat and rye seeded for the crop of 1913 has just been made by the department of agriculture. It indicates a crop of winter wheat 25,000,000 bushels greater than was indicated at this time last year. The report shows a promised yield of about 163,000,000 bushels more winter wheat than actually was harvested this year. A slightly decreased acreage is more than offset by the materially improved condition of the prospective crop.

The government revised its estimate of the acreage seeded for the crop last harvested, admitting that its former estimate was too low by 1,000,000 acres. Of this increase 837,000 acres were credited to Kansas. The revised acreage brings the total for the last crop to 828,000 acres above the seeding for the crop of 1913.

Make Rich Gold Strike in Alaska.

Another rich gold strike on the newly found continuation of the third beach line has been made on the Koffa claim, near Nome. The "pay dirt" is four feet thick, and runs 4 cents to the pan. Pay is running better as the drifts are extended. The Bay State group, where pay was struck November 16, shows increasing results, and several claims are taking out big dumps.

Recent discoveries of gold have awakened interest in the winter camps, and the activity around Nome looks like a revival of the early days of the camp.

Has Traveled Far on Hand Car.

John Ellis, the section foreman at Gentry, Mo., holds a record for continuous service and distance traveled on a hand car, that few can equal. Ellis has seen twenty years of service. During that time, in going over and inspecting his track, he has averaged a ten-mile trip each day for every day in the year, Sundays included. This means a total distance of 73,000 miles. This distance has been traversed by a hand car, except when extremely bad weather forced him to walk over the tracks.

Boys Show Presence of Mind When Ice Breaks.

Morris Alexander, young son of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Alexander, of Rochester, Minn., was saved from drowning while skating by the prompt action of two youthful companions. John Welti and Henry Brush, who rushed to the Brush barn, where they untied the cow and procured a rope with which they pulled the lad, who had broken through the ice, to shore.

Rats Eat Postage Stamps.

Rats have eaten $370 worth of postage stamps in the last twelve months. Postmaster General Hitchcock presented to the House an itemized list of the losses.

Dies from Danger He Warns Others Of.

"You'd better keep away from here. We're thawing dynamite sticks over this fire," warned Louis Zenner, boss of a construction gang working five miles north of Keokuk, Iowa. The bystanders heeded the warning and hurried away just in time, for the dynamite exploded, killing Zenner and Charles Anderson, one of the gang.

Travels With 63 Dogs.

When Mrs. N. Bramber, a widow of wealth, arrived at Los Angeles, Cal., from Atlantic City, the baggage carried in her name consisted of:

Sixty-three barking dogs, sixteen trunks, five bundles of golf sticks, a full-grown horse, photographic and tennis equipments, and five boxes of dog rations.

It was explained after the head of the baggage crew asked feebly, "Is this all?" the automobiles and other luxurious equipment were coming by freight.

Mrs. Bramber traveled incognito. Mrs. Klotz, an employee, met all the emergencies at the transfer points, where there were lively times with the sixty-three dogs, sixteen trunks, five bundles of golf sticks, and other contributions to the baggage-car jam.

Some Long-lived English People.

Within a stone's throw of each other at Stonham Parva, Suffolk, England, lived 28 persons whose ages aggregate 2,121 years. One is ninety, two eighty-two, one eighty-one, four eighty, one seventy-eight, one seventy-six, three seventy-five, four seventy-four, six seventy-three, three seventy-two, one sixty-nine, and one sixty-eight.

To Race Biplane Ice Yacht.

Phillip Green, of New York, who owns a summer home at Shrewsbury, near Red Bank, N. J., is getting his biplane ice yacht in readiness for the winter sport on the North Shrewsbury River. The biplane is a new device built by Mr. Green. The yacht is entirely different from anything ever before used on the ice. For a "freak" craft the biplane yacht is in a class by itself. The bearing on the ice is similar to a regular ice boat, having a runner plank five feet wide with a runner on each end. A keel extends from beneath the runner plank aft about eight feet, under the end of which is the rudder.

The propulsion of the craft is by propellers like those used on aëroplanes, no sprocket wheels or other device being used on the ice to push the craft along. The wheel power is so arranged that the yacht cannot possibly turn turtle.

Mr. Green tried the craft out for the first mile on the ice last winter, but the propellers were of such light weight that the craft could not travel over twenty miles an hour. This winter Mr. Green has purchased the regular Wright aëroplane propellers, which he will use. The craft promises to establish speed records.

Since the time when the first ice boat made its appearance on the ice in 1865 at Red Bank great developments have been accomplished in the ice-yachting line. The first ice yacht to sail at Red Bank was built by George D. Allaire in 1865. The craft was made of hemlock and spruce, and was painted with red lead. The boat at its fastest could not make over fifteen miles an hour.

The following year Captain Charles Throckmorton, builder of the *Drenought;* Robert D. Chandler, Edgar Emith, and Peter, Samuel, and William Doughty, all built ice yachts and challenged Captain Allaire to a race. The race, which was the first to be held on the river, was sailed at Fair in 1866.

A short time later the North Shrewsbury Ice Yacht Club was organized, and racing has been enjoyed on the ice ever since. Captain Sam Morford was commodore of the club at the time of its organization. Captain Nathan Cook and George Coley, ice yacht veterans, raced in the old school. Captain Coley built the *Harrison* and the *Grover Cleveland.*

Captain James Weaver, of Red Bank, has declared his intention of placing the *Scud* on the river this year. The *Scud* is being overhauled and rerigged. The *Scud* is one of the few first-class ice yachts on the river.

It holds the world's record for speed, having in 1884 made the fast time of a mile and a quarter in fifty-two seconds. She later made five-eighths of a mile in fifteen seconds.

Early on the day the *Scud* made the world's record hardly a breath of air was stirring. The boat lined up at the starting line with the *Rocket,* the *Drenought,* and the *Grover Cleveland.* Before the race was finished a furious northwest storm set in, and it was in the breast of the storm that the boat made her record.

For the past fifteen years the *Scud* each winter has sailed in races on almost every sheet of yacht-racing ice in the country.

Dog Fires Gun Killing Master.

The eagerness of a hound dog owned by Albert Bailey, of Hagerstown, Md., to hunt rabbits cost the life of his master. When Bailey donned his hunting clothes to go after game the dog playfully seized Bailey's gun in its mouth. The gun struck a chair and was discharged, the shot entering Bailey's body and causing a wound from which he died.

We Are Becoming a Nation of Frog Eaters.

Frogs' legs, at which people turned up their noses in disgust only a few years ago, have now become so popular an article of diet that no fewer than 6,000,000 frogs a year are killed in Minnesota alone to supply the demand. The northwestern frogs are the most delicate, but the biggest are the southern bullfrogs. The latter are not so sweet or tender as the former.

Woman Lighthouse Keeper Gets Medal.

For twenty years of faithful service as the only woman keeper of a seacoast light, Mrs. E. A. Fish, of Point Pinos, near Pacific Grove, Cal., has received the United States government efficiency medal and a letter of commendation from the chief of the lighthouse service. The decoration is in the form of a solid gold star, surrounded by a circle of red enamel, bearing the letters "U. S. L. H. S." and "Efficiency."

Mrs. Fish has had full charge of Point Pinos light since the death in 1892 of her husband. Point Pinos light was established in 1852, and is one of the few of the early structures still in perfect condition. It is situated at the end of Monterey Peninsula, three miles from Monterey, and marks the entrance to the bay.

Other women are caring for harbor lights, but Mrs. Fish is the only one in the United States in full charge of a seacoast light.

Finds Dollar of Year 1804.

A fine specimen of the 1804 American dollar, one of the most valuable coins in existence, was picked up by accident by a homesteader on the new Pacific coast lines of the Milwaukee road, in South Dakota, by Frank N. Webster, of Milwaukee, Wis. The coin is said to be the tenth existing specimen known. It was an inheritance, the homesteader said, from his grandfather. The man did not know its real value.

Buys Big Poultry Farm for Daughter.

Frank Tilford, of Lakewood, N. J., has purchased for his daughter, Miss Julia Tilford, the largest poultry farm in the world. It is three miles from Lakewood, and now has a capacity for the hatching of 45,000 chickens and the accommodation of 25,000 laying hens. This will be increased, according to the plans of Miss Tilford, who is to manage the big plant. She is an expert poultry raiser, and is a familiar figure at all the big Eastern shows.

Blind Stenographer Works Fast and Well.

The transcribing of more than a million words in the Hillman case in the Federal court, at Seattle, Wash., was one of the hardest tasks a typist ever undertook because of the testimony of many foreigners, yet it was done without an error by a blind youth. It was Joe Wood, 21 years old, and blind since he was 7.

Wood is considered one of the most remarkable blind men in the world. Versed in stenography, he can write more than a hundred words a minute without a mistake. He performs this feat daily in the law office of Martin J. Bacon.

Man of 86 Cuts Own Firewood.

Few men at the age of 86 years attempt to cut and split their own wood, but this is the record of Joseph H. Gear, of Hillsdale, Mich, who will soon observe his eighty-seventh birthday. He goes to the woods a mile away, carrying his ax and saw, just as he did many winters ago.

Poisonous Red-headed Spider Puzzles Scientists.

Entomologists are puzzled over an insect of comparatively recent appearance at Lake Charles, La., a small black spider with a red head. One of the species recently bit Joseph Pujol, a farmer near Chloe, and in a few moments the affected part had swollen to an immense size. Only by immediate medical attention was the man's life saved from death by poisoning. Mrs. Tillman was bitten by one of these insects several months ago and narrowly escaped death.

The spider is of a variety entirely unknown to local scientists.

Finds Nugget in Turkey.

Preparing a turkey to do the honors at a delayed Thanksgiving dinner, Mrs. L. M. Sanders, of Monroe, Wash., found a gold nugget, which the gobbler, while alive and energetic, had gobbled and attempted with poor success to digest. The nugget is worth about $2.

The turkey that bore the treasure-trove was one of a flock reared near Tolt.

Amethyst in Bird's Crop.

In the crop of a turkey dressed by a Sacramento, Cal., family was lodged a precious stone which had been mistaken by the ignorant bird for a titbit. The fortunate owners of the bird could not contain themselves for joy, and, after examining the stone with a magnifying glass, they discovered that it was a perfectly cut amethyst.

Mad Ride Down Steps in Auto.

Peter Kelly, an attendant at St. Luke's Hospital, dashing through Central Park, in New York, recently, in an automobile, mistook a pedestrian path for a road leading to the entrance at One Hundred and Sixth Street and Central Park West. He didn't discover his error until the machine was on the brink of the stairs which lead over the 50-foot cliff and to the street below. Unable to bring the machine to a stop, it plunged, with Kelly in the seat, down the 50 or more steps, turning two somersaults in its flight through the air, landing at the bottom right side up, but smashed into an almost unrecognizable mass of steel, leather, and rubber.

Kelly remained in the seat until the wreck struck the pavement, the last impact throwing him out. He landed on his nose, and except for a few inches of cuticle is none the worst for his experience.

Uncle Sam to Have Retreat for Nesting Birds.

A private retreat for nesting birds will be maintained by the Federal government near Valentine, Neb. President Taft has proclaimed the reservation of 613 additional acres on the abandoned Fort Niobrara reservation, the only reserve in the continental United States maintained for the breeding of prairie chickens, sharp-tailed grouse, and quail. Two other bird reservations were created by order of President Taft and put under the department of agriculture. Both are in Alaska. These make a total of fifty-five bird reservations established to date, eight of them in Alaska. It took a long time to arouse the American people to the necessity of protecting not only birds, but game (remarks the New Orleans *Picayune*), and now, after several years of effort on the part of those who had matters in charge, the United States is, perhaps, giving more attention to bird and game preservation than any other nation.

"Cowcatcher" Inventor Dead.

Joseph Davenport, the man who built the first "cowcatcher," or locomotive pilot, as well as the first engine cab, in this country, died recently at Massillon, Ohio, at the age of ninety-seven. At ninety-four he completed an airship model. His last years were spent as a recluse. It was in 1840 that he happened on the idea of the pilot, while working for the Boston and Lowell Railroad at Lowell, Mass. When told to build a snow plow for an engine, he invented a rude affair which had boards instead of slats on the side to shove the snow away. It was used all winter, and in the spring the boards were torn off, leaving the framework, which closely resembled the present pilot. Before it was removed it had prevented so many cows from being run over that the railroad decided to adopt the pilot as a permanent part of the locomotive. He planned the first engine cab, despite the warning of his superintendent that enginemen would loaf if they had such a comfortable place in which to work. Until that time they had to stand in an open stall on the rear of the locomotive, bundled up to the eyes to prevent freezing in cold weather.

His Life Saved by a Mule.

Two miners, John Stenchock and Wally Barinski, of Shamokin, Pa., owe their lives to mules. The men had started from the No. 2 slope in the Natalie colliery, with three mules attached to ten wagons. Stenchock rode the lead mule, while his companion sat on the third animal. Suddenly there was a cave-in, from underground workings. Hearing the ground break, Stenchock looked back and saw the ten wagons disappear, with the last mule struggling to retain its footing. Stenchock whipped his mule to a gallop as the third animal fell into the chasm. Barinski slid over the animal's head, and, grabbing the traces of the second mule, was pulled clear of the cave-in.

Prayed in Prize Ring.

Johnny Summers, the welterweight boxing champion of England, who retained Lord Lonsdale's belt symbolizing that distinction by defeating Syd Burns at the National Sporting Club, London, recently, is a devout Catholic.

Just before the fight began Summers knelt in his corner, bowed his head reverently, and made the sign of the cross. Then he sprang to his feet like a panther, dashed at his man, and with both hands did his best to hammer the sense out of him.

At the end of each round Summers turned down his left sock and touched a rosary that was wound around his ankle, and at the call of the time to start each bout he dropped on one knee and passed his right hand across his face.

When the fight was over and he had conquered on points after twenty fierce rounds, Summers again dropped to his knees in his corner.

Although in such a place and at such a time the actions of Summers seemed utterly incongruous, there was not even a titter from the assemblage of sports and fighting men. Indeed, not a few present were obviously moved by the simple faith and courage of the man.

Summers has always been very devout. He is as simple-minded as a child, and honest and upright as the day in all his dealing both inside and outside the ring. Although his opponent was cautioned several times for holding, Summers was scrupulously fair in all he did.

Remarries "Widow," Cheats Directory.

David T. Draper, of St. Louis, was annoyed at seeing his divorced wife's name in the city directory as "Caroline Draper, widow," and remarried her. Since the divorce the directory company failed to observe the distinction between a widow and a divorcee, consequently Draper had the shivers every time he saw his former wife's name in directory type.

Judge Rebukes Card-playing Jurors.

Ten men and two women, composing a jury in Judge Ronald's court, at Seattle, were rebuked because they played cards while considering a verdict in a minor criminal case. The court's attention was called to their action by a bailiff, who had listened at the keyhole. This is what the bailiff heard:

"If you had played spades that time you would have taken the trick; give me the cards; it's my deal; here, cut the cards and cut out the conversation."

When the jurors reported their inability to agree, Judge Ronald said:

"If you had arrived at a verdict it would not have been worth the paper it was written on. The jury is discharged from further service."

Legally Dead, Restored to Life.

Miss Mabel E. Allen, of Brooklyn, who has been legally dead for more than seventeen years, has been restored to life by the law in the probate court, and incidentally came into some property.

In 1895, when the courts attempted to divide the award of the French spoliation claims allowed the descendants of Jonathan Merry, an old-time Boston merchant, relatives of Miss Allen declared she had not been seen since the world's fair at Chicago, when she was in the last stages of consumption. The woman was accordingly declared legally dead.

Miss Allen later accidentally learned of the situation and sought her share of the award. So the decree of 1895 was revoked and she will get about $2,000.

Big Increase in Warship Construction.

An increase of $38 per ton in construction of battleships has resulted from the adoption of the eight-hour law in the United States navy yards, according to the annual report of the bureau of construction and repair, issued recently. Under the ten-hour day the average cost per ton was $177, while under the eight-hour law it has reached $215.

Despite the increased size of war vessels, the report states there has been no change in the time required for construction, which is more rapid than anywhere else in the world.

Ship Goes to Scott's Relief.

The antarctic steamship *Terra Nova* sailed recently from Christchurch, New Zealand, to the relief of Captain Robert F. Scott's antarctic expedition.

The *Terra Nova* will proceed to McMurdo Sound. It is expected she will arrive near Captain Scott's base on Cape Evans the middle of January.

Steeplejack Makes New World's Record While Crowd Admires Climb.

Clerks, brokers, stenographers, and other downtown employees in the vicinity of the post office, New York, stopped on their way to luncheon recently, and gazed at the thin needlelike flagstaff on the roof of the Woolworth Building, upon which a tiny, black speck was crawling slowly upward. Frequently the watchers saw the pole bend and sway in the sixty-mile gale, which was blowing and the progress of the speck would stop. Then the speck would move slowly upward again.

A few minutes after the speck got to the top of the pole a glint of gold began to appear at the top of the flagstaff, almost 800 feet above the surface of the street. Later as the speck gradually sank downward toward the roof, the flagstaff began to wear a coat of white paint.

Nieles Nielson was the speck. He had been engaged by the contractors, who are putting the final touches upon the 55-story skyscraper, to gild the bronze ball at the top of the flagpole and apply a coat of white paint to the staff.

"That's a wholly unnecessary and daredevil performance," declared a man in the crowd. "Why didn't they paint the pole and gild the ball before they erected the flagstaff?"

Wins Reward for Being Good.

William Thaw, 3d, ought to be the happiest man on earth.

He has won another reward for being good.

His first reward came to him as a charming, youthful bride, who was Miss Gladys Virginia Bradley, of Bridgeport, Conn., and she has helped him to be good ever since their marriage in December, 1910.

Now comes young Thaw's second reward to glorify his romance, to reward his young wife, too, as she deserves. Mrs. William Thaw, junior, will give her son a residence and estate in the exclusive Berckley Heights, Pittsburgh, that will cost nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

She has bought 90 acres of land and on it she will build a house that with its furnishings will be worth $100,000 at least.

This splendid gift she will make to her son as a Christmas present and to strengthen his determination and the self-control he has been displaying.

William Thaw, 3d, had for a while amused himself to the top of his bent. He was as joyous as any of Pittsburgh's gilded youth.

Then he met Miss Bradley and fell in love with her and won her on his promise to be good. He has been good ever since.

World-wide Movement for Morality Coming, Reynolds Says.

Assistant District Attorney James B. Reynolds, of New York, speaking at the Harlem Y. M. C. A. on the "Warfare Against Crime," predicted that the twentieth century would see the greatest moral wave that had ever swept the world. He said that the reform would come through the union of all reform agencies for the elimination of vice and crime. Before this millennium arrived, he said, there would be some radical changes both in our social and legal systems.

"We have had a great battle against crime in New York City," said Mr. Reynolds. "The three great skirmishes, the Becker trial, the trial of the gunmen, and the Hyde trial, to my mind, are typical examples, each in a different line, of the working of the twentieth century mission. You have seen the searchlights turned upon some dark spots in our city, and before the light is turned off, in my opinion, every dark spot will be exposed and the accumulated evils of centuries will be wiped out.

"The century has already been marked by unusual interest in the matter of crime and dealing with the criminal. Japan and Germany have called to the task of revising their criminal laws and their methods of punishment the greatest scholars and thinkers. In 1902 there was an international conference called by the French government, and participated in by all the European powers except Turkey, and in which the United States also participated, to consider the so-called white slave traffic. Treaties were drafted and ratified by the participants—the first treaty ever entered into dealing with a subject of a purely moral character. Thirty-five States have passed special laws, and two national laws have been passed relative to this same white slave matter."

The greatest deficiency in the present criminal procedure, Mr. Reynolds said, was the law holding that the defendant in a criminal action need not become a witness. He told of one case in which a noted swindler, almost certain of acquittal because of a lack of evidence, had, deluded by his own vanity, insisted upon taking the witness stand. He was convicted on his own testimony.

Escapes from Prison in Milk Can.

Liotte Dunin, who escaped in a milk can from a Russian prison, where he had been confined as a revolutionist, was released recently from the immigration office on Angel Island, San Francisco, whither he was sent several weeks ago in the fear that he might become a public charge. He will leave immediately for New York, to join his sister, Mrs. Garti Wagman, who appealed to Secretary of Commerce and Labor Nagel when he was detained.

Dunin disguised himself as a milkmaid after escaping from prison and made his way to Yokohama, where he obtained money enough to get to the United States.

Uncle Sam Asked to Reserve Lincoln's Home.

A bill authorizing the government to take over the farm and homestead in Kentucky where Abraham Lincoln was born, has been introduced in the House by Representative Johnson. The bill would allow the government to accept the memorial as a gift from the Lincoln Farm Association and create an endowment fund of $50,000 for the maintenance of the farm as a national reservation.

Woman Qualifies for Position Only Man Can Hold.

The first woman candidate to enter the examination for the government degree that is necessary for all who aspire to become head of a Prussian primary school has passed all the tests with honors and is consequently the first woman to hold the rank of "rektor" or principal.

At present, however, the distinction is an honor, and no profit, as the regulations do not as yet allow the appointment of a woman to the head of a primary school. The possibilities are none the less great, as several other teachers announce their intention of entering for the next examination, and the department of education has indicated that in the near future it will consider plans for providing women holding the degree with posts for which their proved ability has fitted them.

Krupp Gun Works Show Huge Profit.

The past twelve months of war in which Turkey has fought Italy and the Balkan States have been a period of huge profit for the Krupp gun works, in Essen, Germany. The fiscal report of the company, made public recently, showed a surplus for the year of $12,500,000. The payment of $1,250,000 for taxes; $1,100,000 in workmen's insurance, and $1,750,000 for welfare work among the families of the 5,000 employees of the gunmakers left a net profit of more than $8,000,000. A 12 per cent dividend was declared, 5 per cent added to the reserve fund, and $500,000 to the pension fund.

Good Care of Prisoners Urged.

That prison sentences given to the average criminal are too long, and that prison treatment is often conducive to confirming criminal tendencies in prisoners, was the substance of a portion of the address delivered before the Florida Convention of Associated Charities by Secretary Alexander Johnson, of the National Association of Charities and Correction.

Mr. Johnson declared that during the time he was prison inspector in Indiana his observation was that bars and dark cells and hard work have no reforming effect on prisoners, but that putting men on their honor and encouraging them has more effect than all punishment. He also advocated open farms for the accommodation of the insane. State Superintendent of Education W. N. Sheets, and Representative W. F. Himes urged the coöperation of the State governments in caring for the wayward youth and the insane.

Makes New World's Auto Record.

Eleven world's automobile track records were recently established by Victor Hemery in a De Dietrich car at the Brooklands track, near London, England. Hemery started out for the twelve-hour record, but met with engine trouble soon after the sixth hour, and was compelled to abandon the attempt. His greatest speed was ninety-eight miles an hour, and he created new figures for each of the six hours he was on the track. He also set new records for 100, 150, 200, 400, and 500 miles, and was only a few seconds outside of C. M. Smith's record for 300 miles. Hemery set up the following marks in his record ride:

One hour—97 miles, 1,037 yards.
Two hours—189 miles, 1,747 yards.
Three hours—284 miles, 817 yards.
Four hours—344 miles, 1,344 yards.
Five hours—422 miles, 1,574 yards.
Six hours—518 miles, 312 yards.
100 miles—1:01:27.69.
150 miles—1:31:52.06.
200 miles—2:05:56.73.
400 miles—4:34:23.87.
500 miles—5:48:38.87.

Newspaper Out at Night.

Germany's newest journalistic venture, a newpaper that goes to press at 10:30 p. m., *Das Kleine Nacht Journal*, has made its appearance and is popular with the theatergoers.

No Princeton-Cornell Meet Next Year.

Manager McMillan, of the Tiger track team, says that Cornell and Princeton will not engage in a dual track competition this spring as they have been doing for the past seven or eight years. The reason is that Princeton cannot afford to make the long trip to Ithaca this year. It would be Princeton's turn this spring to make the trip, and the expense was considered to be too much of a drain on the funds of the athletic association. The track team has been a losing proposition financially for years, and the deficit caused by its maintenance has to be wiped out by drawing on the funds of the two major sports, baseball and football.

Now Famous Pitcher Turned Down at First.

Charles Tesreau, the Giants' pitcher, was born at Ironton, Mo., which is near the Ozark Mountains. He is 23 years old now. Tesreau was so big at 17 years of age that his native town would not him play on the team. Tesreau was recently asked if he was always a "big fellow."

"Ever since I can remember," he replied. "To tell the truth," he added, "I was so big at seventeen that I couldn't get on the little team at Ironton. They said I was too clumsy. I wanted to play ball, though, and I went out into other fields. I went over to Perryville, Mo., where I got a job in the lead mines.

"While working there we had a team of miners, and I got to pitching so good that I was finally given a job on the Independent team of Perryville. I was paid $75 a month, and that was some money in those days."

Tesreau's father is a farmer, and Jeff says there was great satisfaction in his home over the fact that he had got on the big team at Perryville, though he wasn't good enough for the bum team at Ironton.

While playing at Perryville and working in the lead mines between times a man named Gordon induced Tesreau to go to Austin, in the Texas League. He reported there, but the club was dropped from the league, and he was sent to Houston. Later he was sent to Galveston, and then to Shreveport, La.

Two years ago the Giants stopped over for a day at Shreveport to practice, and during a morning game McGraw saw the mammoth Tesreau at work. He at once set his eye on the big fellow and bought him during the latter part of the season. McGraw didn't know anything about the ability of the big fellow, but declared that a man with that natural strength ought to make a good pitcher. He stuck to his theory until he has developed a wonder.

Abdul's Palace is a Model.

The Beylerbey Palace, at Constantinople, to which the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid has been removed, is generally regarded as the most successful architectural achievement of modern times in Turkey. It was built by Abdul Aziz in 1866, and is of white marble throughout, and essentially Oriental in every respect. During his reign Abdul Hamid never resided at the Beylerbey Palace, perhaps because of its association with the tragic death of his uncle, Aziz, but foreign sovereigns visiting Constantinople were always entertained there.

The artistic loveliness of the palace delighted the Empress Eugenie on the occasion of her visit in 1869, though the rooms set apart for her use were furnished to exactly resemble her suite of apartments in the Tuileries.

Mexicans Hang Rebels as Warning.

Sixty bodies of rebels hanging from trees were counted by persons traveling by road recently from Las Cruces to Temascaltepec, in the state of Mexico. This is one of the results of the campaign conducted against the rebels by Colonel Riveroll.

Nine bodies were seen hanging from telegraph poles near the town of Pedrisena.

Famished Wolves Kill Four.

Famished wolves have devoured four persons in the province of Beira, Portugal.

The starving animals have come down from the gorges of the Serra de Estrella, and are terrorizing the country. They attack lonely farms at night.

A great hunt was organized by the country inhabitants in which more than 200 men participated. They succeeded in rounding up and killing 100 wolves.

Invention to Banish Hatpin Dangers.

Hatpins to fit the hat are, it is claimed, the latest and final solution of the projecting hatpin problem.

While continental prefects are threatening defiant wearers of dangerous hatpins with legal penalties, and enterprising inventors are flooding the shops of London with ingenious devices for protecting the protruding point, which every woman buys, but few ever wear, the simple expedient of the hatpin "made to measure" has been introduced.

Until now makers of hatpins have recognized but two lengths of pins, the menacing nine-inch weapon, which came in several seasons ago with the enormous "merry widow" headgear, and the six-inch variety, suitable for small hats of the toque order. When millinery fashions hover between these two extremes, the projecting hatpins become a serious menace to public safety.

A couple of minutes suffices to produce hatpins cut to the precise fraction of an inch required by the various sizes of millinery now in vogue.

Bowlegs Versus Knock-knees.

Whether bowlegs are greater menaces to navigation than knock-knees is still an open question, in spite of arguments made before the National Press Club, at Washington, by Representative Sulzer, governor-elect of New York, and Representative Stanley, of Kentucky, in condemnation of bowlegs, and Senators Penrose and Gore in vigorous denunciation of knock-knees. The referee, John Hays Hammond, decided that neither offered serious obstruction, and read a cablegram from the "international board of navigation in Berlin" to bear him out.

Representative Sulzer attributed to bowlegs virtually all the diseases from "corns to consumption." He declared that history could show no bowlegged hero, while Moses, Socrates, Hannibal, and scores of others "interfered" in their knees. He closed by quoting:

"A man knock-kneed
Is a friend indeed."

Senator Penrose insisted there was no place for the knock-kneed man. A man so afflicted on going home from his club would be in a state of collapse, while the bowlegged would be bowling merrily along.

"The bowlegged condition," he said, "is due to a remnant of our physical trait when we lived in trees and climbed up them. The consequence is that the bowlegged man is full of all the vigor of the primitive man."

Representative Stanley said he could prove by the paintings of Raphael and other old masters that the angels were universally knock-kneed.

Senator Gore assailed the framers of the Constitution because they had not grappled with the knock-kneed question "face to face and feet to feet." He declared the American people had settled it politically "by sending both the knock-kneed Republican elephant and the bowlegged bull moose up Salt Creek as obstructions to navigation."

Cornell to Build New Training Quarters.

Announcement has been made by Eads Johnson, Cornell, '99, of Boston, that several Cornell alumni in Boston have decided to underwrite a fund for new training quarters on the new alumni field at Ithaca to cost $100,000. The training house will be dedicated to Henry Schoelkopf, of Milwaukee, a famous Cornell football player, who committed suicide a few days ago in that city.

Stamps for Parcels Post, Different.

The post office authorities at Washington have sent to all the post offices of the country the new parcels-post stamps. Under the law, which became effective on the first of the year, mail matter of the fourth class must bear distinctive postage stamps. These stamps are being issued in twelve denominations, and due stamps in five denominations.

The regular stamps measure 1 by 1½ inches, and the color selected is red for all denominations. In a curved panel across the top, supported by a perpendicular column at each end, appears the words "U. S. Parcels Post" in Roman capital letters. Triangular ornaments occupy both lower corners. The denomination, in large numerals, is in each lower corner, with the title of the subject and the word cents or dollars between.

The subjects for the several denominations are:

1 cent, post office clerk; 2 cents, city carrier; 3 cents, railway postal clerk; 4 cents, rural carrier; 5 cents, mail train; 10 cents, steamship and mail tender; 15 cents, automobile service; 20 cents, aëroplane carrying mail; 25 cents, manufacturing; 50 cents, dairying; 75 cents, harvesting; $1, fruit growing.

The parcels-post postage-due stamps are green for all denominations, and of the same size as the postage stamps. They bear the same panel. In a similar panel at the bottom appears "Postage Due." The due stamps are issued in 1, 2, 5, 10, and 25-cent denominations.

The public is warned that ordinary postage stamps will not be valid for payment of postage on fourth-class matter. The regular postage-due stamps will not be valid as a demand for payment upon short-paid matter of the fourth class. On the other hand, first, second, and third-class mail matter bearing parcels-post stamps will be treated as "Held for Postage." The same thing will happen where fourth-class matter is sent with ordinary postage stamps.

Railroad Made $75,132 from Football Fans.

Official returns of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Co. for the football traffic of the last Yale-Harvard game, at New Haven, show a total of 52,788 passengers carried, counting excursion tickets as double fares. This is 3,850 passengers in excess of the number carried two years ago, but the increase is due to the growth of regular passenger business in that time from 9,413 passengers to 13,386 this year. New York passengers carried to and from the game this year totaled 27,584, and Boston passengers 16,648, the latter being 2,516 fewer than two years before.

The receipts from the football traffic were $75,132, as compared with $72,378 two years ago, the gain being in excess of regular fares, which is about $3,500 ahead of two years ago. This would indicate that the football passenger receipts for a Yale-Harvard game at New Haven are about the same as the average total daily passenger receipts on the company's steam lines.

Federation of Labor Has New Workmen's Compensation Bill.

A new workmen's compensation bill has been drafted by the executive board of the New York State Federation of Labor for presentation to the next legislature. The proposed law would apply to all workshops, and would embrace longshoremen, chauffeurs, and drivers of automobile trucks, as men employed in hazardous trades. The compensation fund would be made up entirely by the employers, the workmen being relieved of the 10 per cent contribution imposed by the former bill. The time for which workmen would be paid for part disability also has been extended.

The bill provides for a State commission to administer the compensation fund, to which employers would be expected to contribute voluntarily on condition that no suit be begun against any of them for injuries to workmen.

Baseball Helping to Reform China.

"Baseball has been the greatest single factor for good among the Chinese," said President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University, at a students' meeting recently.

President Eliot was telling the students of his recent trip to the Orient. He said that baseball is fast becoming popular among the Chinese, and already has done much to make them abandon games of chance in favor of the American pastime.

Uncle Sam Decides Dead-letter Sale a Lottery.

The annual dead-letter sale by the post office department of unclaimed packages was indefinitely postponed recently because of the decision of Attorney General Wickersham that the sale is a lottery. Several hundred bargain hunters who were on hand to bid on the packages were disappointed.

As the sales were conducted in the past all packages were sold to the highest bidders without opening. Now the department probably will open the packages.

Railway Plays Santa Claus.

Interborough guards in New York got five-dollar gold pieces as Christmas presents from the company. The directors set aside $42,000 with which to give the Christmas presents. The gift applied to all men who had been in the service of the company since January 1, 1912, and who did not get more than $110 a month.

The same present was made to the employees of the New York State Railways Company.

Find Ridge in Midocean.

Captain Davis, of the Doctor Mawson antarctic ship *Aurora,* reports the discovery of a rocky ridge in midocean 200 miles south of Hobart. Ten soundings varied from 543 to 915 fathoms.

The main direction of the most shallow water was northwest and southeast. Fifty-six deep-sea soundings and also deep-sea dredging were accomplished by the *Aurora.*

The results strongly tend to confirm the theory that Australia formerly was connected with the antarctic continent by means of a ridge of land now submerged.

New Cult to Take Long Walk Barefoot.

From Boston, Mass., members of a new cult, the "Spirit Fruit" colony, will walk barefoot to Los Angeles, which they plan to make the center of their activities.

Frederick Reed, a college graduate, store clerk, and laborer, is the founder of the "Spirit Fruit" colony, which has among its adherents a number of members of Boston society. Reed believes that in one of the wooded spaces adjoining Los Angeles the colony may find refuge from the jeers and sneers of those not in sympathy with its beliefs.

"We need to get into the wilds," said Reed, in outlining his plan to bring the colony here. "There we can achieve our purpose. For a long time I have felt that there was a command laid upon me to journey to the West, and to spread here the doctrine of our belief."

The Nick Carter Weekly

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